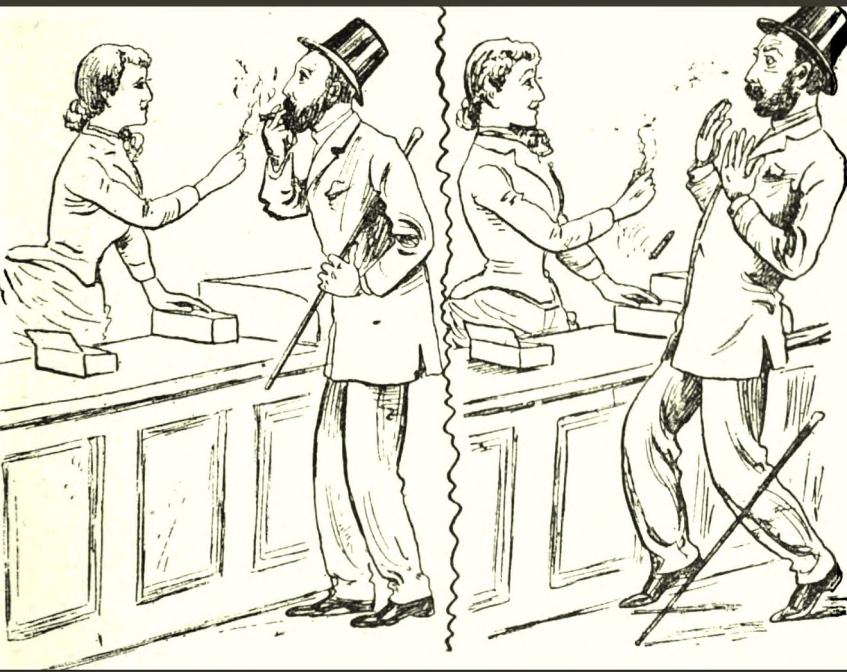

Tobacco jokes for smoking folks

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THE GIFT OF

ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER

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TOBACCO JOKES

FOR

SMOKING FOLKS.

A SHILLING BOOK, full of JOKES and ANECDOTES relating to Smoking, Snuffing, and Chewing. Illustrated with original Pen-and-Ink Sketches, drawn by a young artist of great ability, whose caricatures frequently appear in the London comic papers.

LONDON: *TOBACCO* OFFICE,
90, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.
1888.

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GIFT OF
ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER
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PREFACE.

IT is hoped that this little book will lessen the many dull hours which it is the unfortunate lot of every individual to spend. If it succeeds in this intention it will have established a *raison d'être* of no mean merit.

The incidents, which are comically described and illustrated, are gleaned from every source under the sun. Many of them are culled from the pages of the Trade journal *Tobacco*, from the office of which this book is issued.

No claim to originality is made, but most of the jokes have been revised and adapted to a special purpose. The illustrations are, however, original, having been specially made to brighten its pages.

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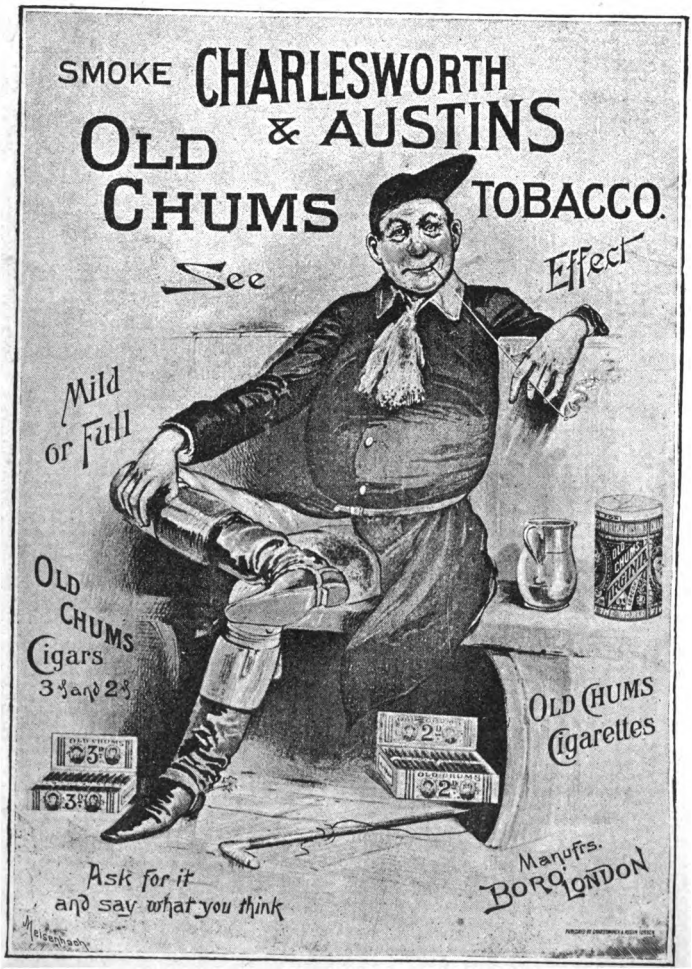

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TOBACCO JOKES.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

HE: 'Ethel dear, what have you been up to again? Some more of your fun? Put a cinder in my boot, or what?'

SHE (*pettishly*): 'Oh! I'm quite out of patience with you, Dick! It's a lovely meerschaum cigar-holder, carved all over. I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you, so I put it in your boot last night, you provoking fellow! I'm sure you've broken it to pieces, and it was my birthday-present for you, too! I shall cry.'

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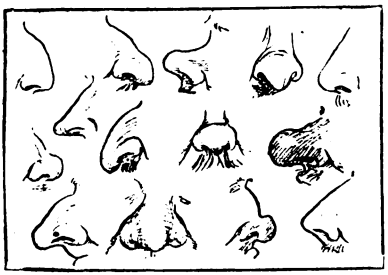
SNUFFERS' NOSES.



KNOWS he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?

Oh, nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel the pride
A Roman *knows!*

A GOOD story is told concerning a prominent Bristol tobacco manufacturer. His traveller being laid up, he (the principal) resolved to undertake a journey in person. All went well till he made a call upon a tobacconist at Caermarthen, announced himself, and asked for the firm's account, etc. 'Indeet to gootness,' said Taffy, 'you wass an impostor whatefer. I do know Mr. —— right well from his likeness on the packets, look you; I wass have him on the papers, and he wass a black man. You see, look you now!'—at the same moment producing a packet of tobacco bearing the well-known 'nigger's head' trade-mark.

WHAT is the difference between a Henry Clay and an Irish clay? Well—er—usually about threepence.

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SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

FIRST GOVERNMENT CLERK: 'I heard you were on leave, but I supposed you had gone into the country.' SECOND DITTO: 'Well, you know, I've done that so often; so I bought a new meerschaum instead, and I'm going to stop at home for a week and colour it.'

Is a man who 'smokes to kill time' guilty of murder?

As an Irishman would say, there is a tinder kind of feeling amongst the manufacturers of matches.

A FELLOW came into our office the other day and asked our editor, 'Do you ever purchase articles?' 'Yes, occasionally,' responded the man with the massive intelligence, as he felt for the poker, 'What have you got? a poem?' 'No, sir; wax matches, a penny a box.'

BUSINESS is going to be lively for the undertakers, if all I hear be true. An East-end cigarette manufacturer threatens to bring out a new brand of those *petite* weeds to retail at fourpence per packet of twenty.—*Nuf Ced.*

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INJURIOUS.

PIPE: 'By-the-bye, how many of those cigarettes do you smoke each day?'

CIGARETTE: 'Oh! I'm sure *I* don't know; I never take any account of them—perhaps twenty-five, or it might be forty.'

PIPE: 'And isn't that rather injurious?'

CIGARETTE: 'It is—injurious *for the cigarettes.*'

'DAGONET' relates the following story as having been told him by Lord Salisbury: '"General" Booth once bought a clay pipe at a shop in the Strand, and when he got it home he found it wouldn't draw. He took it back, and wanted it changed. "No," said the shopkeeper; "certainly not." "But it's imperfect," urged the "General." "So are you," urged the shopkeeper. "Do you mean to say I don't draw?" said the "General." "Certainly not; you do draw," said the shopkeeper. "But you don't want to draw the good, do you?" "No; I try to draw the worst and save them." "Exactly; then that's the worst pipe in my shop. Go home and try to draw that." The "General," seeing that he was getting the worst of it, took the pipe home and used it for Aunt Sally.'

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
A cigar is dead that slumbers,
And stumps are not what they seem.

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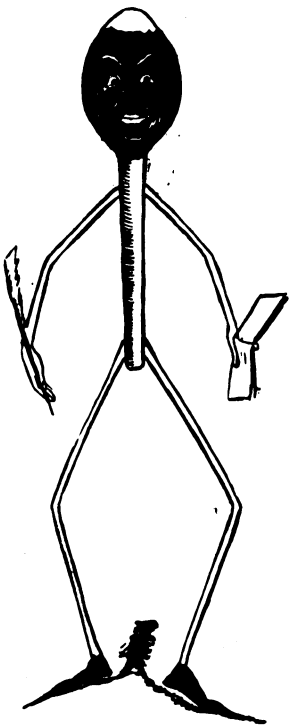
AN ANIMATED 'VESUVIAN.'

(NOT 'from a portrait by permission of the London Stereoscopic Company.')



'CIGARETTE' tells the following humorous story about a very distinguished divine of unusually solemn and impressive appearance who went to a country town not long ago to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town, of course, 'spotted' him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man. He went into a chemist's shop, and, in tones that froze the young blood of the assistant behind the counter, said: 'Young — man — do — you — smoke?' 'Y—yes, sir,' said the trembling young fellow; 'I'm very sorry, but I learned the habit young, and haven't been able to give it up yet.' 'Then,' said the great divine, without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, 'tell me where I can get a good cigar.'

'COMING TO THE POINT.'—Finishing a cigar.

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HIS TEST FOR A GENTLEMAN.

DRIVER OF HANSOM (*to stableman*): "*'Ow does I know a gent afore 'e pays?* Easy enough! Why, I jist lifts the trap in the roof, an' I smells the smoke o' 'is cigar, *that's* 'ow I tells a gent, and then, in course, I drives 'im accordin'. No, and I don't make many mistakes neither. Take yer davy on that!'

A.: 'You always take cigars when they are offered to you, and yet you say that you are no smoker?'

B.: 'Certainly, to tire them of offering me their cigars.'

A FRIEND met an inveterate punster, but a good fellow nevertheless. 'Have a cigar, old chap?' he asked. 'What sort have you got?' 'Oh, foreign Havanas, of course,' was the rejoinder, as he offered his case. 'No, thanks,' he said, 'not for me; *in my case* I'd rather *have any* other kind, because Havana generally makes a man "iller" than not—see?'

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'NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.'

'She objects to smoking; *I* don't. I have invented a new dodge; I bought a big barrel, drilled a hole in one of the staves, and inserted a funnel. I put the bowl of my church-warden through the bunghole, and I blow my smoke back into the cask through the funnel. This is the only way I can get a smoke tranquilly.'—*Extract from a husband's letter to an old club friend.*

A NEW YEAR'S EXHORTATION.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart bold to meet any fate,
Drinking, smoking, or swearing or chewing,

Until the voice of conscience whispers in our ears that we are making confounded nuisances of ourselves generally, and that we had better stop and——cogitate.

A tobacconist down at Dunoon,
Essayed to get wealthy too soon;
His name it was Cox,
He tinkered with stocks—
P.S.—He has 'skipped by the light of the moon.'

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LET those smoke now who never
smoked before,
And those that always smoked now
smoke the more.

IN Turkey all the ladies smoke,
Of Russia 'tis a trait,
In Spain, the fair sex do the same,
So why should London wait?

A 'BURNING' QUESTION—

'HAVE you got a light to spare?'

THIS is what Carl Hirsch told a friend of his last week: 'I byed me a box of cigars der odder day, und I foundt me oudt pooty qvick dot efery cigar vas a ticket to a curdin lecksher by mein frau efery efening mein haus in.'

IN Fleet Street one day, Dr. Johnson said to a friend: 'I saw a little piece of unbaked clay with a piece of baked clay sticking in it; but strange to say, the baked clay was still baking, whilst the unbaked clay was moist.'

'And what was that?' asked the friend.

'A little drunkard—smoking,' replied the witty old doctor.

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'WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.'

JOLLY SMOKER (*loq.*): 'She made me promise that I'd only smoke *one* cigar a day, did she? Ha! ha! ha! Well, I'm keeping my word. Nothing like having 'em big enough — even if you have to use a pitchfork for a prop, and a funnel for a holder! Ha! ha! ha! I think I've scored *this* time!'

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is responsible for the little scrap hereafter given as having occurred in a railway carriage in Australia:—Two strangers were travelling alone in the same compartment by an express train. They struck up a conversation. One of them pulled out a cigar soon after starting, much to the disgust of his companion, who was a non-smoker, and who had got into the carriage by mistake. 'Yes,' said the smoker, after some desultory chat, 'I believe we're going to have the cholera this summer. I'm very much afraid of it. (Puff, puff.) I'm an unlucky man—(puff, puff)—and, if it's in my neighbourhood at all—(puff, puff)—I shall get it for certain.' (More puffs.) 'Oh no,' remarked the other, opening the window and coughing violently, 'you'll never get it; you're quite safe!'. 'What makes you think so?' 'Why, you're quite disinfected, sir—perfectly disinfected! Just keep on smoking cigars like that one, and the cholera will never come within half a mile of you—never, sir.'

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A BLUSHING young damsel of 109 has just died at Mallow, Ireland. She had been an ardent smoker of twist tobacco for 81 years, and finally died in the bloom of her youth. To make matters worse, she was an orphan. Those who do not wish to die young should make a note of this.

ON SUNDAY.

A BUFFALO man, who recently made a trip to New York, tells the following story of himself:—He entered the smoking-room of a New York Central sleeper standing in the depôt, and there found a stranger of Celtic extraction indulging in a pull at his pipe. The car reeked with the perfume, and the Buffalo man found that his two-for-a-quarter cigar did not stand the slightest chance. It made him mad that such a stench should be permitted, and when the conductor came in he made complaint.

'I have no more right to stop his smoking a pipe than I have to stop you smoking a cigar,' said the ticket-puncher.

'Well, hand him a cigar then,' said the Buffalo man, and he pulled out one of the same brand as he had in his mouth.

The conductor approached the man of the pipe, when the following took place:

CONDUCTOR: 'The gentleman presents his compliments, and asks you to accept a cigar.'

MAN WITH THE PIPE: 'True for the gintleman; he's a scholar; but as I have my pipe lighted I'll kape the cigar and smoke it on Sunday.'

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BIBLICAL COURTSHIP.

KEEP this 'mum' and tell it not in Gath. Wild horses shall not tear the name of the place or person from me. It took place in Bir———; there! confound it! I have nearly let it out. Well, well, well, I'll start afresh. In a certain place which shall be nameless, in a certain cigar-shop which shall be nameless, and kept by a young bachelor who shall likewise be nameless. Next door to the nameless cigar-shop kept by the nameless bachelor, is a very nice milliner's, and in this latter is employed a certain young lady, who shall *also* be nameless. Now the nameless young feminine milliner has a habit of occasionally visiting the nameless young masculine cigar-dealer, and in the little parlour behind the nameless cigar-dealer's emporium 'a little cup of tea for two' is occasionally set. *On dit* that the nameless cigar-dealer has discovered that *his* arm is exactly the same length as the circumference of the nameless milliner's waist; but—no matter-r-r-r! The other evening there was the customary cup of tea in the back room; the pair (already alluded to) were so much engrossed in a happy *tête-à-tête* that Mr. Cigar Merchant forgot that 'the shades of night were falling fast,' and omitted to light up the gas in the shop. Enter an individual; exit the same individual with a 500 box of Manilas, a box of Henry Clays, two boxes of the M.P. brand of cigars, several cigar-holders, briar and meerschaum pipes, and a big box of Broseley's. SMASH! '*Great Heavens! what's that?*' 'No, my dear, don't *you* alarm yourself; *I'll* see what it is!' (Curtain.) Twenty minutes afterwards an excited being rushed into the chief police-station and explained about the robbery. 'Where were you at the time, and what were you doing?' asked the inspector on duty. '*Me?* What was *I* doing? Oh, I was in the parlour, *reading the Bible!!!*'

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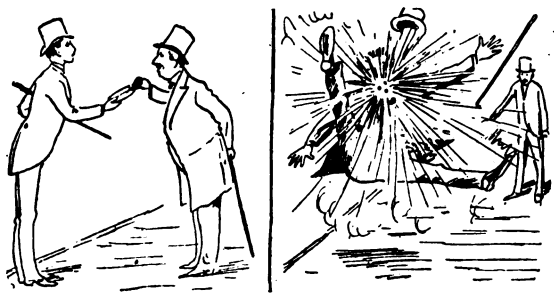
WHAT?????



WHAT caused the above state of wreckage and destruction? Was it an earthquake? *No!* A cyclone? *No!* An explosion? *No!* A hurricane? *No!* Nothing so common as any of them, but merely this: Jones has put a cigar in his mouth—lighted end first!

SYMPATHETIC.

COMMANDING OFFICER of a French regiment (*to soldier who is just going to be shot*): 'Courage, my poor fellow! Now, have you any last favour to ask?'

CONDEMNED MAN: 'Yes.'

C. O.: 'Well, what is it? Ask. It shall be granted.'

C. M.: 'I should like to smoke a cigarette before dying. May I have one?'

C. O.: 'Certainly, my poor fellow. *Here's a packet!*'

A LADY who ought to be a good authority on the weed —'Weeder' (Ouida).

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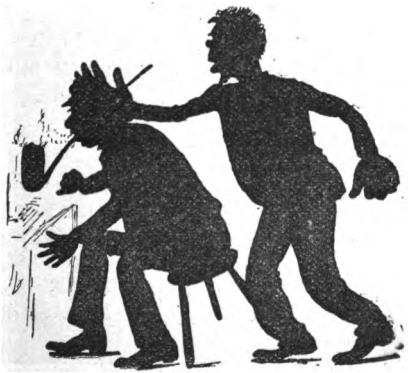
A PLAY WITHOUT WORDS.

Plot: A strong pipe and a weak head.

Act I.

Act II.



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A TWOPENNY cigar never feels so dirt-cheap as when it is being smoked by a penny 'Tiddy-fol-lol, la-de-dah!' sort of fellow—like this.

THE Lemonade and Soda Water (London and South Western) Railway has a regular tobacco-hater on its Board of Directors, and he carries his crotchets to excess. Having heard that the average life of a railway engine is only thirty years, he wanted to know at a recent Board meeting, 'If, in the opinion of this Board, the longevity of the engines would not be increased provided they smoked less?'

ONE would fancy that a fellow must have a great deal of patriotic love of his country to make him smoke a home-made cigar when he has half a chance of getting a foreign one.

I OVERHEARD the following between two mashers, in the crush-room of a bijou little provincial theatre, the other evening. They had just finished a cigarette each. Quoth masher No. 1: 'Will you take a "loz.," old chappie? awf'ly nice, don'tcherknow?' (presents box of cachous). No. 2: 'Thanks, no, weally, but I don't care about having *a painted breath!*'

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A PERNICIOUS HABIT.

BISHOP: '—— And in conclusion, Mr. Stiggins, what is your opinion of smoking?'

REV. MR. STIGGINS (curate with an eye to preferment): 'I think, my lord, that it is a very pernicious habit; one that should be put down by all means—if even we have to use the pulpit for the purpose.'

BISHOP: 'I am exceedingly pleased to hear you say that, Mr. Stiggins; but, may I ask, how does it happen that *you* carry a pipe?'

A CERTAIN witty gentleman presented his *fiancée* with a silver match-box.

'How lovely!' she exclaimed; 'but there are no matches in it!'

'Then you should prize it as a matchless gift,' replied the wag.

(N.B.—*She does.*)

TO SMOKERS.

IF two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will it require to make a cigar?

IT is said that there isn't so much difference between a meerschaum pipe and a convict after all. One is the scum of the sea, and the other is the scum of the earth!

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HER RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

MR. WINKS: 'Now see here, Mary, this is too much. You say that you want twenty dollars this morning for pin-money, and it was only yesterday that I gave you twenty dollars for the same purpose.'

MRS. WINKS (*calmly*): 'Yes; it was yesterday.'

'Did you lose it?'

'No; spent it.'

'And have nothing at all to show for it?'

'Nothing.'

'Well, this thing won't do; it won't do. Here I'm slaving away trying to make both ends meet, and you not only get rid of twenty dollars without any adequate return, but the very next morning ask for twenty dollars more. What in the world did you do with that money anyhow?'

'Well, you see, just after you left me yesterday morning a fellow came to the door and made such a row about an unpaid bill of yours that I just paid it. It was a bill for whisky, and beer, and cigars, and——'

Mr. Winks forked over.

'A BOY IN A PIPE.'

UNDER the above heading a North-country paper tells of a remarkable adventure. However the lad may have suffered, I am moved to remark that a boy in a pipe is far better than a pipe in a boy; or even a cigarette or a snuff-box—come to that.

P.S.——The paper *meant* to speak of a boy who lived and slept in an empty sewer pipe.

I FANCY that a great many men get their fingers burnt with (cricket) matches.

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'SAY, Jones, I hear it's all up between you and Miss Johnson; is that true?'

'Rather!'

'What's the cause, old chappie?'

'Well, you see, it's this way: I hate a cigar-case, and always carry my Intimidads loose in my breast pocket. Now the beloved and adorable Miss J. evinced too much affection for me, and I couldn't afford the racket. It was too expensive.'

'You mercenary brute you, to throw over a handsome girl on account of the expense!'

'Hang it all, old man, you don't understand! Don't you see; whenever I hugged that girl I smashed all my cigars, and you can't expect a fellow to waste good weeds in that way—can you?'

'Oh! that alters the case very considerably.'

A GOOD EXCUSE.

MAGISTRATE: 'Prisoner, you are accused of entering this lady's shop, and taking therefrom a bundle of cigars without paying for them. What have you to say in your defence?'

PRISONER: 'I didn't know the price, your worship.'

MAGISTRATE: 'You should have asked, then.'

PRISONER: 'I didn't like to, your Worship; I am always so bashful before ladies!'

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A TOBACCONIST'S ECCENTRIC PROCLAMATION.

[OVER a pretty cigar and tobacco stand at a bazaar which I recently patronised was the subjoined peculiar announcement. It was most beautifully written on a large card, and framed in excellent taste. Being so remarkably quaint, I copied it into my note-book, and so make no further excuse for its publication here.)

KORSHUN!!!

Best micksher garrantead pewer an unnat'ral as the terbakker is reseaved buy us from terky 'Merriky and uther forring parts nown on'y to my self and my wife inkerlewdin hour for yungstirs bless em witch too as the meezuls and the uther won a cuttin' is teath and fingur nales all day this terbakker is growd in hour garding against the foul howse, and maid inter micksher buy youres trewly fresh evry mawnin xcep weakdais, sunndais and bank ollerdais.

PRISE FOR PENTS A HOUNTS,

but now reesonerbul hoffir refewsd garrantead not to contane no nickerdemus Kabbidge loocifurs hor pepermint lozingers hor soaft sope witch bites the tung and cetrer Smoakt buy the prints of wails, the Kween Enery Hirvin hand the nobillerty of ingland alsoe haysher Affriker Chyner and all uther jeehograffic staits inkerlewdin the Yewnitid staits and the Stait off matteromoney. Nott transfurabul henny wun purtendin tu sell terbakker has gud has hours will put the mater in the ands off hour solissyturs four breech off contack plees korl erly and hoffiin has a grate deemarnd his xpecktid sow we has lade in a hevvy stokk nighe on 3 quortirs off a pounde

With rispecks,

Yowers trewly, and cetrer,

KLAYE, PIPE AND COE.

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Terbakker sooplyers to the *Salivation* Harmy.

The hold storl N°umber 8, hoppersit the majik fish ponde.

Try hour 'bizarre' C. Garrets sicks pents a pakkitt off ten, noe chainj givvun.

Machis peny a boks.

B. B. B. B. B. pypes from Won Shilling a Peace.

LITERAL.

OLD GENTLEMAN: 'Is this carriage "smoking," please?'

SLY JOKER: 'No; but *the engine is.*'

A MEAN thief stole one of the only two cigars I won on the late election. If it only made him as ill as the remaining one did me, I shall conclude that I had a terrible revenge.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who to himself hath never said,
'I'll smoke my pipe ere I go to bed?'

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A NEW READING.

THE PIPE IN PEACE. | THE PIPE IN PIECES.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

SCENE: RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

GENTLEMAN (*in charge of lady, to party with short, black clay in full blast*): 'Will you have the goodness to put out your pipe? This lady does not like your tobacco.' (*Party scowls, but, being smaller than the gentleman, puts out that pipe. A few minutes after, gentleman, with a smile to his wife, lights a Cabana.*)

PARTY (*growls*).—'Thought yer sed that ere lady didn't like bacca?'

GENTLEMAN.—'Pardon me. You should endeavour, above all things, to be accurate in your assertions. I said that my wife did not like *your* tobacco.'

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ACCOMMODATING.

SCENE: THIRD-CLASS SMOKING COMPARTMENT ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

OLD MAID: 'Excuse me, sir (*cough*), if you please (*cough*), but I've got in the wrong carriage (*cough*). Would you please stop (*cough*) smoking till we get to the next station (*cough*), and then I'll change?'

COSTERMONGER: 'Werry sorry, mum; but if as 'ow yer wants wentilation yer can stand on the seats and shove yer 'ed thro' the bloomin' lamp 'ole. I'm a goin' to smoke, if *I* knows anythink.'

'I NEVER touch cigars,' Jones spoke;
'They're made of stuff unfit to smoke.
For healthfulness or comfort ripe,
Give *me* my fragrant briar pipe.'

And so we all apologize,
And make excuses—mostly lies—
Because we dare not say with sense,
'We go without—to save expense.'

'CHEESE' IT!—An Italian journal speaks of a new industry in Rome. It is the manufacture of 'meerschaum' pipes out of *cheese!* 'Meerschaum from cheese' sounds funny enough to be a sort of a bull—or anyhow something connected with the bovine beast.

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CUSTOMER: 'Have you any good old Havana cigars in stock?'

NEW SHOPMAN: 'Not just now, sir; but we shall have in about an hour, as soon as the lad comes back from the printer's with the labels.'

(*Tableau.*)

'GRAN' ACCOMMODATION.'

A WORTHY Scot was pressing his snuff-box upon a fellow-passenger with a very large nose, who seemingly did not like the look of the mull or its contents. Bent on refusing the offer, the passenger politely remarked that he did not take snuff. The Scot eyed him for a moment, and then, looking him full in the face, remarked, 'Man, that's a peety, as ye hae sae gran' accommodation!'

I SUPPOSE 'the darkest hour' is when you can't find the matches, isn't it?

OLD BLOGGS takes snuff, his son doesn't; Bloggs likes Princes' Mixture, his son doesn't; Bloggs swears *by* Princes' Mixture, his son swears *at* it; Bloggs doesn't like pepper, his son does; Bloggs doesn't like a practical joke, his son does. The climax was reached last Thursday, when Bloggs junior put some cayenne into the snuff-box of Bloggs senior, just to remind him of this quotation: 'Put not your trust in Princes!'—Fact!

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THOMSON'S LITTLE JOKE.

3.10 p.m.

'HAVE a cigar, Mr. Skinflint? You'll find it splendidly filled.'

'With pleasure. Thanks.'

3.15 p.m.

So it was!!!!!!!!!

TOBACCO FOR MEASLES.

IN a car on a train bound West, it was discovered that a little boy showed symptoms of measles.

'You will have to take the child forward to the smoking car,' said the conductor to the mother. 'He cannot remain here.'

As the tired mother complied with this dictum, the little boy said:

'Is he a doctor, mamma?'

'No,' she replied, 'he is a conductor.'

'Well, then, how does he know that tobacco-smoke is good for the measles?'

IN a lot of rules which are now going the rounds of the press is one which says: 'Don't smoke cigars: never indulge in luxuries which are not necessary.' *I* never do; all *my* luxuries are absolutely necessities, and as for cigars—— Well, I couldn't live without 'em!

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THE RESOURCES OF CIVILIZATION.

THIS is the charming young damsel who declares that 'if she doesn't get a husband soon she will keep a parrot that swears and a monkey who chews tobacco.' At present she is content with a man's second-hand hat hung up upon the hall hat-stand.

'MATCHES are made in Heaven,' are they? What right, then, has Bryant and May's factory to be located on earth?

A LIVERPOOL tobacco manufacturer lately introduced the new idea of paying his workpeople on Fridays. He also made it a rule to fine any person employed in the factory one shilling for each time they swore. Since then he has introduced a new money-saving dodge. He delays paying the wages till Saturday, and meanwhile employs an expert shorthand writer to take notes!

As an American philosopher would say: 'A cheap cigar makes just as much smoke in the world as a good one. The difference between them is only a matter of (s)cents.'

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No, siree! you kin jist bet that I don't quite admire these darned long churchwarden pipes o' yours; they're mighty cool smoking and they're tarnation cheap, but the most cussed inconvenient things to git a smoke out of that I ever *did* see. Why, look here now! I'll be kicked by a mule if I didn't hev to drill a hole through a ten-dollar hat afore I could git a smoke in comfort.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A TRAVELLER one night stopped at a small hotel in a portion of the country where small-pox was prevalent. After warming himself at the stove, which was in a dark sitting-room, he asked the landlord, who was smoking, for a 'draw out of his pipe.' The landlord gave the pipe to him, but in a few minutes it went out. He proceeded in company with mine host to the bar to get a light, and there he noticed that the person who had lent him the pipe was pitted deeply with the small-pox. He became very frightened, and asked:

'Have you had the small-pox?'

'Yes.'

'Good Lord, is that so!' handing him back the pipe in great alarm. 'And how long is it ago?'

'Just twenty-five years this spring,' was the cool response.

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'EMERGENCY' TOBACCO.

A ROUGH-LOOKING customer came into a tobacconist's shop, and said he wanted some smoking tobacco.

'What brand do you prefer?' asked the tobacconist.

'I want a package of Emergency.'

'Emergency? I never heard of such tobacco.'

'All I know,' said the man from the country, 'is that Uncle Bill had the toothache last night, and smoked all night, and I asked him which was the best kind of tobacco: and he said no tobacco was equal to the emergency. So I thought if none of 'em was equal to Emergency, that must be the best the market affords. If you haven't got the Emergency, I reckon I'll have to try some other shop.'

Two parsons met; one (Brown) was a smoker and the other (Finch) a non-smoker. Said Finch: 'Ah! Mr. Brown, I see you are at it again! why don't you smoke in moderation?' 'I do,' replied the Rev. Mr. B. 'Tut, tut, tut! what do you call "moderation"?' 'Why, sir, one cigar at a time!'

IT is a strange reflection, but an observer will notice that a woman rarely—if ever—uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive a nail in with more than once. Why is this?

THIS is a gay young spark of 96, who says he has resolved to give up smoking, because he thinks it has a bad effect upon his nerves.

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A PAIR of smoker's 'light' dumb-bells. Not altogether unrelated to '*Bell & Black*.'

NO ECONOMY IN NOT SMOKING.—A man who calculated that his smoking cost ten cents a day stopped smoking and put ten cents a day in bank. At the end of the year he had $31, or rather $31.76, the savings bank giving him five per cent. He has started off again with his $31.76 as a basis. The moral is that if he lives long enough he will grow rich through having stopped smoking. This goody-goody story is as ridiculous as are all of its sort. If the man, at the expense of ten cents a day, gave himself considerable pleasure, does it pay him to cut off that pleasure and bank the cash? If so, why not carry his sacrifice further, and get rich all at once, instead of waiting the slow process of the accumulating ten-cent pieces? He can shut down on his coffee (but as this man is a grocer he would think such advice to his fellow-men outrageous), he can leave his boots unblacked, he can go without a collar. In various ways he can make himself miserable and unpleasant to others, but his account at bank will increase. That will be a comfort. But when he has learned to deny himself all pleasure, what worth will the money be to him?

A CALL of duty. The exciseman's visit to a tobacco factory.

SAYS a German: 'Dat Shcotch shnuff can shtand more pinchin as eny oder man—oder a vimmins, neider.'

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'BLIGHTED.

HE: 'Where are all my cigars, Bess?'

SHE: 'Oh! I boiled them down to make wash for the rose blight; you told me yourself that tobacco-water was the very best thing to cure it.'

FROM December 1st till the 28th is the time when the box of 'Seven-for-sixpence' quality of cigars get worked off the dealer's top-shelf on to the fair maiden who wants a nice 25s. box of Havanas—'something *very* nice'—for a Christmas present or New Year's gift for the poor brute she has caught in her toils.

IF a candle chews-es to smoke, is it right to snuff it?

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'YAAS, yaas, they talk about pwoverbs, don'tcherknow; but where's their "hit-one-of-your-own-size" theowy gone to when you find a six-feet swell of a fellah wrestling with a thwee-inch cigawette that don't draw, don'tcherknow, eh?'

THE SAME SORT.

LITTLE BOY (*in tobacconist's shop*): 'Do you keep Virginia shag, please?'

TOBACCONIST: 'Oh, yes; I've plenty of it.'

L. B.: 'Is it the same sort as you had last week?'

T.: 'Yes. How much do you want?'

L. B.: 'None. My father said I wasn't to buy any unless you'd got the old stock sold out!'

M. Y. O. B.

SCENE: SMOKING CARRIAGE ON THE EAST-WESTERN LINE.

FIRST PASSENGER (*hurriedly*): '—— Er, beg pardon, sir, but the head of your vesuvian has fallen off! Look sharp, or it'll burn your shirt-front!'

SECOND DITTO (*coolly*): 'Just mind your own business, will you? Your confounded coat-tail has been blazing away like mad for the last two minutes, and yet *I* didn't interfere with *you*!'

THERE are two things which a man rarely forgets—his first love and his first smoke.

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BAD TOBACCO.

WHEN the late Queen Sophia of Holland was walking out one evening alone in the Loo Park, she observed a sentinel smoking on the sly in his sentry-box. Seeing the Queen coming towards him, the soldier threw down his pipe, and, apprehending all sorts of pains and penalties, he humbly and sadly begged her Majesty not to betray him. 'You have nothing to fear,' was the gracious reply; 'here, take this ducat and get yourself some better tobacco. How ever can you smoke such horrid stuff!'

THEY offered him a broken Broseley at half-price, but he replied, in the words of Goldsmith—

'Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little *long*.'

FROM Manila I learn that Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burinsnagonatstorecagoceaccoccha was one of the officials in the late (government) tobacco department. I suppose he kept his name wound up on a reel in order to make room for the other officials. It *is* said he took a railway journey once, but they made him put his appellation in the luggage van, and then they charged him double excess rates for it. It tangled the axles!

A FRENCH journal relates the following anecdote of Carlyle: At a dinner given to him at Berlin, Goethe became the subject of conversation, and some of the guests pretended to deplore the great poet having thought so little of religion. It was very easy to see that Carlyle was very uncomfortable during the discourse, and at last he broke out with, 'Do you know, sir, the story of the man who found fault with the sun because he could not light his cigar at it?'

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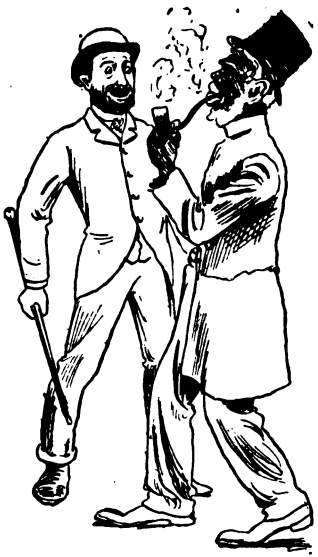
THE following notice is stuck up in a church in Monroe township, Illinois :

please deposet
Yore Tobacer
At the Dore
by order of
Dekens.



'GRACIOUS heavens ! Why, the pipe is colouring *him !*'

EFFECT OF TOBACCO.—'You smoke too much,' said old Reynolds to Sam Lane, who is bald-headed. 'May be so.' 'If a bald-headed man stops smoking, he will have a full head of hair in a short time,' continued Reynolds. 'I can't believe it.' 'Yes, it is true; for I knew a bald-headed man who quitted smoking, and in less than a month he had as thick a head of hair as ever I saw.' 'Do you mean to say that the hair grew all over his head?' 'No, of course not; but he soon saved up money enough to buy himself a wig.'

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ROUGH ON DALLAS.

SAID a Dallas (Texas) woman to a female friend:

'You should make your husband quit chewing tobacco. If you tell him to quit it, he will give it up, I suppose.'

'Yes, if I ask him to; but I am not going to ask him to quit chewing tobacco.'

'When he kisses you, don't the taste of tobacco make you sick?'

'Yes; but I want him to keep on chewing. He kisses three or four other women, and the tobacco makes them sicker than it does me, for I've got used to it already.'

NOT POPULAR.

UNBITTEN bites.	Unsmiled 'smiles.'
Unthink thoughts.	Undrunk drinks.
Unkicked kicks.	Undrunked drunks.
Unkissed kisses.	Unsneezed sneezes.
Unstolen steals.	Untold lies.
Undressed dresses.	Unmashed mashers.

Unsmoked smokes.

DOCTORS say that unless there is something done to retard cigarette-smoking, men will become extinct in 40,000 years. Oh, this is something horrible to contemplate! Will women be all alone then? How many old maids will there be to the square yard 40,000 years hence?

IT has been officially decided, relative to a recent fire, that smoke is injurious to tobacco, so that the insurance companies have to pay damage. We always knew it ruined a cigar to be smoked.

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CIVILITY IS CHEAP, BUT——

SHE: 'May I assist you to a light, sir?'

HE: 'With pleasure. Th-a-a-nks.

'Dem it all! Warraryou-doin'? You've nearly grilled my moustache and whiskers off.'

A MAN never knows how much his comfort depends upon small things until he searches his last pocket for a match, and knows that if he doesn't find one he can't have a smoke till he reaches home, ten or a dozen miles away.

WHEN is a cigar like a pot of soup? When there's a leak (leek) in it, of course!

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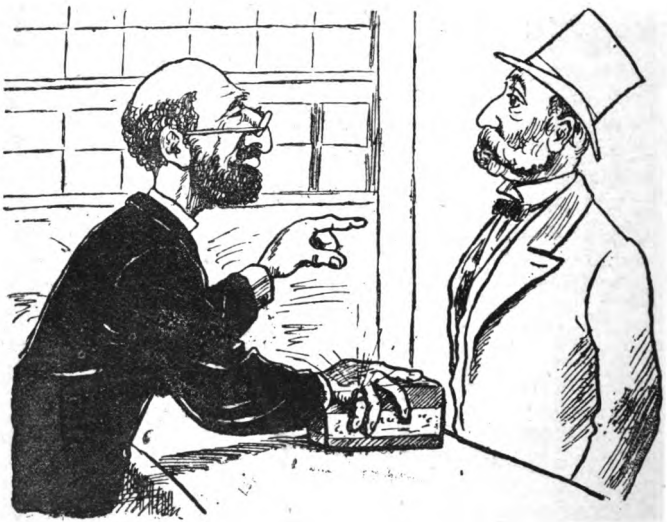
MODERN TRADING.



CUSTOMER (*in 'Modern Trading Association's' Establishment*): 'Have you got any first-class Havana cigars, please?'

PRINCIPAL (*of the M.T.A.*): 'Ya; vot kindt you vant, blease?'

C.: 'Morales, in preference.'

P.: 'Ya, I got dem. Here dey vas.'

C.: 'Give me five shillingsworth, if you please.'

P.: 'Vat!' (*confidentially*): 'Besser you bay anoder von-and-sixpence more, und take der box!!'

THE Triple Alliance—Cavendish, Honeydew, and Latakia.

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OLD Mr. McFoozlefiz says that a pinch of snuff always 'upsets' him—*and it hurts him too!* I beg to offer him this suggestion as a means of breaking himself in for snuff-taking, and if he follows it out I can't see how he can hurt himself very much, no matter how often the snuff 'upsets' him.

THIS took place inside the establishment of a 'high-art' furnisher's:—'I would like to have a chew,' said the wag. 'A chew? Bless me! you've made a mistake, sir; this isn't a tobacconist's!' replied the puzzled shopman. 'Yes, a chew; a stat-chew,' exclaimed the wag, as his merry eyes twinkled, and he made for the door.

RATHER a good story is told of three clergymen—two Congregationalists and one Universalist—who reside not over a thousand miles from Bedford. Two of them were talking, when the third joined them, and, putting a cigar in his mouth, said to his brother Congregationalist, 'Mr. ——, give me a match.' There was some hesitation about granting the request; so number three turned to his Universalist friend with his request, which was granted. 'Well, here is a Universalist with brimstone about him,' said the smoker. 'Yes,' said the deliberate Universalist, 'we keep it for our friends.'

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EXTREMES MEET;

OR, a new version of 'the long and the short of it.'

PEOPLE who strike matches on their understandings should always be sure they have *good* matches and *good* cloth. Last week I saw an attempt made to strike a refractory match, and at last :

The match was lit, the breeches split,
His nice new trousers busted ;
And then he swore, as he ne'er did before,
That shoddy couldn't be trusted.

CIGARETTES are unhealthy, and here's a proof of it. A Mexican murderer went to the gallows with a cigarette in his mouth. He died soon after.

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ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

IRISH LANDLORD: 'Have a pinch, Pat? You snuff, don't you?'

PAT: 'No, yer 'onor; the only shnuff Oi shmokes is twisht, and that, begorra, I always chews!'

THE WEED.

WHEN roses droop beside the wall,
When lily petals fade and fall,
What swiftly rises, covering all?
The Weed.

When starts the widow on the chase,
To fill 'the late lamented's' place,
What decorates her pretty face?
The Weed.

When coffee's served and wine runs low,
When conversation waxes slow,
What brings the after-dinner glow?
The Weed.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The pipe that I first drew;
With red-waxed end and snowy bowl,
It perfect was and new.
It measured just five inches long,
'Twas made of porous clay;
I found when I began to smoke—
It took my breath away.

IT may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that a man cannot smoke a cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

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SWEET —— IF YOU LIKE!

URCHIN (*in confectioner's shop*): 'Two farden cigars, please; one mild and t'other strong.'

LADY: 'Sugar ones?'

U.: 'In course. What der *you* think?'

A FORMULA.

A CERTAIN cure for rheumatism is herein given: Take a pound of cigar-ash and a quart of pigeon's milk, put them in a pig's horn and stir with a cat's feather; then stand it on a cake of ice till it boils, and afterwards apply internally on the outside every five minutes once an hour, about 8 a.m., and you will get a good night's rest.

A LITTLE bit of American journalistic repartee: 'Cigarettes are often made of sawdust steeped in tobacco-juice. Sometimes the manufacturer uses tobacco.'—*Texas Figaro.* 'Only when the lumber crop is short—and then he generally winds up by paying about fifteen cents on the dollar.'—*St. Paul Herald.*

TALKING of twist, did you ever get a *roll* from an Hibernian baker? or a twist from a Milesian constable?

A YOUNG MAN who was courting a widow asked her if she objected to smoking. 'Oh no,' she said; 'poor John was very fond of tobacco, and I allowed him to smoke all he wanted to—before we were married.'

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THE RETORT UNINTENTIONAL.

(SCENE: BARBER'S SHOP. ENTER NEGRO.)

'I HOPE, gentlemen, you don't object to smoking.'

BARBER (not noticing customer): 'Go on; smoke till you're black in the face.'

OVERHEARD IN A TOBACCO FACTORY: 'Say, Will, old Niggerhead, the widower, has settled down at last.' 'The dickens he has! Who's he married?' 'Married! he ain't married!' 'Well, how's he settled down, then?' 'Oh, easy enough; it was a hogshead o' Virginny strips that settled him!'

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

'HERE's a good piece of advice,' said Mr. Johnson, putting aside a newspaper and turning to his wife. 'A paragraph here says that a man should never smoke a pipe while going downstairs. In case he should fall, he would be likely to drive the stem through the roof of his mouth and out at the top of his head.'

'I never heard of such a thing,' replied Mrs. Johnson.

'It's not by any means improbable,' rejoined the captain. 'There's our old friend, George Richards. He is a great smoker, you know.'

'Yes,' with interest.

'Well, the other day—I forgot to mention it, by the way—he was coming downstairs, and his foot slipped, and down he went. He always smoked a long-stem pipe, you know.'

'Great goodness!'

'Yes, he had a passion for long-stem pipes. One day, while we were out hunting, he found a root about five feet long. He took it home with him and had it bored. Beats any——'

'But when he fell, did it drive it through his head?'

'Oh no. You see he had to stop smoking on account of his health. But I was going to say, for example——'

'Mr. Johnson, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to disappoint anyone that way.'

WHEN does tobacco remind you of one of the late Charles Dickens' characters? When it's 'all of a twist,' to be sure!

A CERTAIN manufacturer is advertising that his safety matches may be eaten by children with positive benefit to their appetites and digestions!

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OPINIONS VARY.

TIM: 'Is this the same koind av terbackky as I got av yez on Froiday?'

SHOPMAN: 'Oh yes; it's off the same roll.'

TIM: 'Begorra an' Oi don't think it is, at all at all; it's got a divil av a shmell av burrnt rags, it has.'

(Please notice the hat and gas-bracket.)

SOME people are unfortunate, and no mistake! A man in Hull was 'run in' the other day for having thirty-two pounds of smuggled tobacco in his possession, and doubtless the same thing would have happened to him if he had attempted to get rid of it.

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CONCLUSIVE.

MIKE: 'An' where are yez goin', Hooligan?'

HOOLIGAN: 'Sure an' Oi'm goin' to Donovan's.'

M.: 'Pwhat for? Is it twisht yez want?'

H.: 'Av coorse. Oi'm goin' for an ounce of it *this* toime.'

M.: '*Another!* whoy, bad luck to yez, ye had *two* ounces yestherday. Did yez shmoke all that?'

H.: 'No, *Oi* didn't, but Bridget did. An' afther all, pwhat is an ounce of terbackky a day to a woman whin she's nursin' a choild?'

ALWAYS THE WAY WITH THE FEEBLEST MEN.—'Do you smoke?' said a lawyer to his client. 'Well, sometimes,' he replied, reaching out after the unattainable. 'So do I,' briefly retorted the barrister, biting off the end of the only cigar in his possession. 'That's always the way,' muttered the victim, as he kicked himself downstairs; 'oysters for them, shells for us.'

THE guests had dined, and the host was handing around a box of cigars. 'I don't smoke myself,' said he, 'but you will find them good. My man steals more of them than any other brand I have.'

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A SMOKE.

WHAT comforts me when I am sad,
Or when I've got the toothache *bad*,
Or when the money market's mad?
A smoke.

What soothes me if I dine not well,
When lies about me people tell,
Or friendship proves a hollow sell?
A smoke.

What quiets indigestion's pangs,
And takes the edge off hatred's fangs,
And salves misfortune's cruel bangs?
A smoke.

A CIGAR.

'TIS my last mild Havana
Pervading the room;
Her companions have taken
Their *leaves* in a fume.
No kindred *to back her*,
Nor plug, twist, nor snuff,
To return her aroma
Or give puff for puff.

Oh, fain would I follow
When the last whiff is sped,
And in life's brightest garden
The *weeds* are all dead.
When troubles oppress us,
Or better-halves jar,
Oh, what were existence
Without a cigar?

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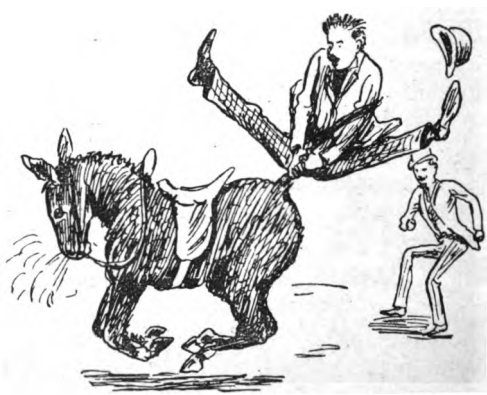
DONKEYS—THREE OF THEM.

'ARRY (*on donkey*): 'Say, Bill! w'y don't yer giv' the beast a pinch o' snuff? He'd stir *then*, I'll back!'



He did!!!

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THERE was a miner in Cornwall who was an inveterate smoker for over fifty years, but he has suddenly and definitely given up the habit. He knocked out the ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder, with the result shown ☞ there.

P.S. — The coroner's jury sat upon two bones and a brace-button.

ON ELECTION'S EVE.

Now the candidate who walked so stately and so grand,
And so grand,
And never smiled or nodded in the streets,
In the streets,
Now grasps the dear good voters by the hand,
By the hand,
And stands cigars for every man he meets,
Man he meets.

WHAT is the difference between a man who is crying (if such is possible) and a man examining his meerschaum? The one 'pipes his eye' and the other eyes his pipe.

MY eyes see dimly through the smoke,
I cannot find the thief to-day;
But once I made a brand-new joke,
And some mean scamp stole it away.

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WHO THE STRANGER WAS.

A TRANSATLANTIC YARN.

'WHO is that fine-looking gentleman over there, Bob?' asked a Newman man of a small boy.

'Dunno; but if I had some snuff I'd find out,' replied the boy.

'What would you do with the snuff?'

'Put it in his nose.'

'But that would only make him sneeze.'

'Yes; but that's the way to find out where he came from.

'How?'

'Why, if he is from Boston, baked beans will fly outen his nose every time he sneezes.'

'But suppose he is from Chicago?'

'Look at his feet! He didn't come from Chicago, mister.'

'May be he is from the South?'

'Well, if he is, he'll raise h— when he gets the snuff in his snoot.'

I HAVE stolen the following scrap from a Philadelphian paper—not because I am fond of stealing, but because it is too good to pass unnoticed. 'A tobacco firm advertised that they would give premiums to those who returned the largest number of tobacco bags, and the mystery was what the firm would do with them. This has been explained. They were sold for actresses' bathing-dresses.'

THERE is some sort of silly rumour going about to the effect that people who smoke cigarettes have naturally 'skinny' legs. A theatrical contemporary takes up the subject with this quaint remark: 'Ballet girls' legs are that way until they are padded.' Pretty rough, eh?

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SMOKING PROHIBITED.

CROSSING-SWEEPER (*in front of Art Gallery, to stranger about to enter—with a lighted cigar*): 'There's no smoking allowed inside, mister; but if yer like to give me tuppence I'll stand here and keep yer cigar a-burnin' for yer till yer comes out agin!'

A DISCLAIMER.

SIR BARRINGTON SIMEON having stated that, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Parnell had smoked their cigars, and drunk their brandy-and-water together, and had agreed to drop the Crimes Act, Lord S——'s sec. requests us to publish the following contradiction:

May old Solly be choked
If he ever has smoked!
Sir Barrington couldn't quite mean him.
As for Mr. Parnell,
May he go to—ah, well!
The Marquis has never once seen him!

IT does not follow that an officer in the army should smoke 'rank' cigars.

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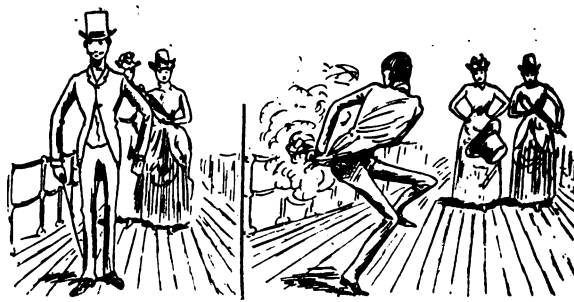
A TALE OF A COAT TAIL.



'THEY seem to be watching me very intently. I hope the dear cweatures are charmed with my appearance!'

'Heavens! I must have got an infernal machine in my pocket!'

THE RAISON D'ÊTRE.

THEY stood amid the falling leaves
  In silence, hand in hand;
The setting sun its golden beams
  Shed over sea and land.

Upon his brow had sorrow set
  Its peace-corroding seal;
His heart was with an anguish filled
  His lips would not reveal.

Reluctantly a kiss he gave,
  And then he longed for death;
For oh! there was an awful smell
  Of smoke upon her breath.

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MISTAKEN.

OLD LADY (*who objects to smoking*): 'Hi! guard, is this a smoking compartment?'

GUARD (*facetious*): 'Oh, you needn't worry about it; if you want a smoke, pull away, mum, pull away!'

A 'STUMP' SPEECH.—'Give us the end of your cigar.'

A BOARD SCHOOL scholar wrote the following essay upon tobacco:—'Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat they were frightened.'

MY friend Mr. R. Symons (an old commercial) relates the following little incident:—'I was seated in my trap at Westerham, Kent, ready to start for London. I had a cigar in my mouth, but was minus matches; so I said to a lad in the yard, "Here, boy! fetch me a penn'orth of lights." He returned after a somewhat prolonged absence with some "lights"—*on a skewer!*—and stated that he had to go to all the butchers in the town before he could get them.'

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'WHAT the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve.'—*Old Proverb.*

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE had such a horror of the smell of a cigar, we are told, that his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, never dared to smoke inside the Tuileries. In 1832 the King had his residence at Neuilly thoroughly repaired. Towards autumn everything was finished except a withdrawing-room, to which the artist was putting the finishing stroke. One day the King and the Queen went alone to visit their renovated château. The decorative artist knew the prohibition relating to cigars. But when the King unexpectedly comes in to see how the work is getting on, the artist is greeted with, 'Sir, you have been smoking!' 'Oh no, sire; I was informed of the prohibition, and I should not have——' 'Nevertheless, the smell of a cigar, which I know well, and which is most repugnant to me, is very perceptible.' 'I assure your Majesty that it is not I.' 'But there is only myself, the Queen, and you here; I am sure it is not I.' 'Sire!' 'You are persistent? Well, then, since it is neither you nor I, it must be the Queen.'

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COPIED from a placard on the wall of a Canadian restaurant :—

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.

The proprietor does not mind the smoke, but is sensitive about the sizzle of the saliva as it strikes the stove.

TOBACCO may be a weed, but it is one that we'd hate to see weeded out. Yes; it's a weed we'd chews not to see exterminated. See?

A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

MRS. W. : 'I cannot understand why you will insist on using tobacco. It is such a senseless, unpleasant habit. Your system is saturated with it.'

MR. W. : 'But think of the satisfaction.'

'What satisfaction can there be in such a horrid practice?'

'Well, you know, my dear, that I've got to die some time.'

'Of course; but——'

'And that after I shuffle off this mortal coil I will become food for worms.'

'Certainly; but what has that to do with it?'

'It is a blessed consolation to me to know that those worms will be made awfully sick.'

A MAN I know says his wife is so hot-tempered that he can light a cigar from the flash of her eyes. He made a good match when he married her.

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INITIALS.

CURATE: 'Oh yes, thank you, I *do* like a pinch occasionally. What kind do you use, S. P. ?'

MR. MIGGS: 'No, a mixture of S. P. and C. P.'*

'—er,—er,—er,—er,—er,—GRASHUS!—er,—BLESS US! —er,—er,—er,—HEAVENS!—er,—er,—OH MY!!—er,—er,—M-O-T-H-E-R!!!!'

DEFENSE DE FUMER.

TABLE: 'Have a cigarette, old boy? They're awfully good; special sort I keep for my friends, don't cher know.'

CHAIR: 'No, thanks. I had *one* of them last week, and I shan't be in "good form" again for a month!'

THE ANTI-NARCOTIC LEAGUE boldly proclaims: 'Cigarettes destroy the activity of the brain.' Well, if the A.N.L. has got all 'the activity of the brain,' *I* shall keep on smoking cigarettes—especially after reading some of the League's brain-productions in the shape of literature.

* Cayenne Pepper.

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UP TO SNUFF.

Mo': 'Give uth a bit of your thnuff, Mithter Bacon, will you, pleathe?'

BACON: 'Wha-a-a-t! with that nose! Why, you could take box and all!'

A CIGAR TREAT FOR CHARLIE.

Two young ladies entered a cigar-store, and one of them said timidly:

'Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present.'

'Oh yes, miss,' replied the tobacconist; 'we have any choice you like, from a cent apiece up.'

'I think I will take some of the one-cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted!' she said to her companion as they left the store. 'Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better,' she added, with a little blush, 'for having come from me.'

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'RAISING CAIN.'

A BOY up at Dalston has discovered a new method of raising cane. He put about a pipeful of tobacco in his father's coffee the other morning. He says the only drawback was that the cane fell about as often as it was raised, and a good deal harder.

DEY vent to vind a goot cigar,
  Long dimes dey roamed apout;
Von veller had a pran new sort,
  De fery latest out.

'Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself,
  De shmell ish oldt to me;
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand'—
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Leland.

AN Englishman who took part in a Nile expedition informs us that camels are great friends of tobacco. If one smokes in front of one of these animals, he immediately comes close to the pipe, places his nose against the tobacco, and swallows the smoke. Then, raising his head, with his mouth open, and looking up into the air, he breathes a sigh full of ecstasy. But the camel is not the only animal which likes tobacco; it is well known that the goat is also very fond of it, only with a difference: It does not care for the smoke, but prefers to consume it in its natural state.—*Le Tabac.*

AN enthusiastic anti-smoker once sought to vent his spleen against the weed by the statement 'that tobacco came from the devil—as illustrated by its name Nic(k)-otine.'

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'TWAS A CALM, STILL NIGHT.'

MR. TOPPEVVY (*to street hydrant*): 'Comean have a (hic) drinksh. I know you (hic). Well then, givush alight, you ol' fool (hic), or I'll kickshyer over,—shee if I don't (hic). 'Shay—' (*Falls down.*)

SAID a lady to her nephew: 'You shouldn't smoke, Ernest; it's nonsense.' 'Yes, aunt, I know; but a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.'

THE HEIGHT OF CAPTIOUSNESS.—For a tobacconist to paint up in his shop 'NO SMOKING ALLOWED ON THESE PREMISES.'

HERE is a wretched American scribbler's miserable attempt at a pun: When a man chews both plug and fine-cut tobacco, does it constitute a mixt-chewer?

A SCIENTIST has discovered that a woman's sense of smell is more blunt than a man's. This is fortunate—if true—but how about 'You monster! you've been smoking in this room again, and spoiling all my beautiful new curtains!'

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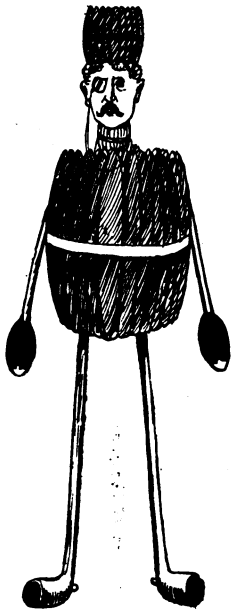

A SUGGESTION for a Costume for a Fancy Dress Ball.

THE THICKEST SMOKE ON RECORD.

'SEE here,' said a passenger on a suburban train, 'here's an item in the newspaper that says that when they want to find a man in a Holland hotel office, the landlord has to go round with a pair of hand-bellows and blow the smoke away from the guest's face so that he can recognise 'em.'

'That reminds me of the smoking-car on the Washington Heights train coming in in the morning,' said another passenger. 'The other day I was in there when a drunken man got on. He fell down trying to climb aboard, and the brakesman had to help him up. But when he got inside the smoking-car he stood up as straight as a flag-pole. When the train stopped suddenly for the Sixteenth Street crossing it didn't make a bit of difference with him. He stood as erect as a wooden Indian, and with no more effort. You see, the smoke was so thick around him that he couldn't have fallen down if he had wanted to. Greatest place for smoke you ever saw.'

'THE BITTER END.'—The final fragment of a penny 'Sensation.'

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THE objection of the average editor to the use of a spittoon has long occupied the attention of learned men, without any reasonable clue being obtained regarding this strange antipathy. I have seen an editor, deep in the toils of lofty composition, and handicapped by the want of a grammatical education in his youth, light a cigar fifteen times while he was slaughtering corporations and damning everybody's reputation generally, in half a column of matter. When he got through there would be forty or fifty half-burnt matches on the carpet, cigar ashes all around his chair and saliva everywhere, except within three feet of the spittoon. This is really all caused by the intense mental abstraction required to call some inoffensive man 'a crawling, perjured villain, whom every day brings nearer face to face with his agonized victims down below.' One day the proprietor of a certain paper gave the office poet a new spittoon, and asked him to use it. He was writing some verses beginning 'Swift smitten is the silent city with the smallpox scare,' but he managed to say 'Certainly, much obliged,' and in two minutes he had the spittoon on the desk, filled it with ink, and went on with his poem, while he kept taking wild shots at the inkstand, which he had placed on the floor. Such are the vagaries of true genius.

TOM (*to Charlie, smoking a cigarette*) : 'Look here, old man, you'd better put it out; don't you see the notice on the wall?'

CHARLIE : 'Yes, but I'm inhaling this' (*ejecting a dense cloud of smoke from his nostrils*).

T. : 'Ah! but what difference does that make?'

C. : 'Oh, lots! all the difference in the world, old fellah, especially when they have the politeness to stick up "Nose smoking allowed."'

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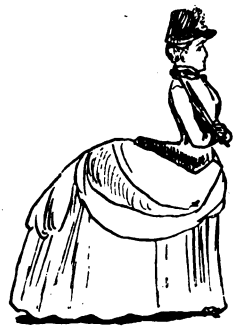

THE *charge* of the 'light' brigade—'Wax matches! two boxes a penny!'

'LADIES' bustles are becoming so extensively used for secreting cigars and tobacco that the customs authorities have issued an order that they must be politely searched henceforth.' (*Daily Paper.*) So one would think! Look at them! there ☜

NOVEMBER 5TH.

LITTLE Johnny found some powder
In a battered old snuff canister.
Loud came a 'BOOM!' and a yell still louder,
And he went up the golden banister.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

ROBINSON: 'You are a good judge of a cigar, aren't you, Dumley?'

DUMLEY: 'What I don't know about a cigar ain't worth knowing.'

R.: 'Try this, and tell me what you think of it. I bought a few of them for genuine Cab Bage Le Aves.'

D. (*smoking*): 'Delicious (puff), Robinson. Delightful flavour.'

R.: 'Cab Bage Le Aves. Spanish for cabbage-leaves. They cost four for ten cents.'—*New York Sun.*

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NEAR Sittingbourne, Kent, there is a man whose wife won't allow him to smoke—but he has outwitted her. He has fitted a cushioned seat across a large washtub, and he gets into the latter and then lowers himself into a well. When at the end of the rope he opens an umbrella over himself, lights up a pipe, and enjoys his smoke and newspaper.

A SMOKER'S proverb adapted to the times: 'Blessed is he who sitteth down on the red hot end of a cigar, for he shall rise again.'

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P., refuses to kneel in religious devotion. A pinch of snuff would bring him to his sneeze forthwith.

TAKE HEED IN TIME!

'YES,' said a young lady, 'smoking *is* hurtful. Cigars in particular. They are the most injurious things in the world next to drink.'

'Pshaw!' replied an old smoker; 'my father has smoked for half a century, and yet to-day, while he is seventy years old, he is quite as nimble as I am myself.'

'Ah, but he might have been eighty by this time if he hadn't smoked that horrid stuff,' chimed in Miss Loveliness.

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VERY LIKELY!

First Young Lady: 'Oh! what do you think, dear? I have just seen our curate in a smoking carriage!'

Second Ditto: 'Ah! he's always doing all the good he can! He doesn't go in there to smoke, of course, but merely to keep order, because, as he says, the company in a smoking compartment is always so awfully unruly, you know.'

THE CONFESSION OF A SMOKER.

Yes, it *is* a terrible bondage! It is slavery. I inhale the smoke and blow it out again. It is very silly, isn't it? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath! Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and the cigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit; the smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair.

Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescription.—R. J. Burdette in *Brooklyn Eagle.*

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'SWEET are the uses of adver—'tisement.

And this is how old Bladderolard, the tobacconist, 'improves the shining hour' when in church. He says 'it pays, too!'

THE Emperor of Austria sent one hundred thousand cigarettes to the wounded Servian soldiers. The sly dog! did he want to kill them? Certainly he might find ways less deadly and shabby for showing his false friendship. Austrian cigarettes for wounded men! Ugh!! Horrible!!!

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

SCENE: ANY LARGE THOROUGHFARE. TIME: NEARLY MIDNIGHT.

MICROSCOPIC STREET ARAB (*running by side of foot-passenger*): 'Please buy last box of lights; last box; please do buy—so cold—so hungry!'

SCEPTICAL PASSENGER (*to test truth of statement*): 'Have no use for one box—want two—gim-me two.'

M. S. A.: 'Only got one, sir, do buy. I could get another up the street, of another boy.'

(S. P., struck by strict truthfulness of boy, buys box.)

M. S. A. (*departs yelling out*): 'Sold again, Jim; give us another.'

(S. P. vanishes, and so does his faith in human nature.)

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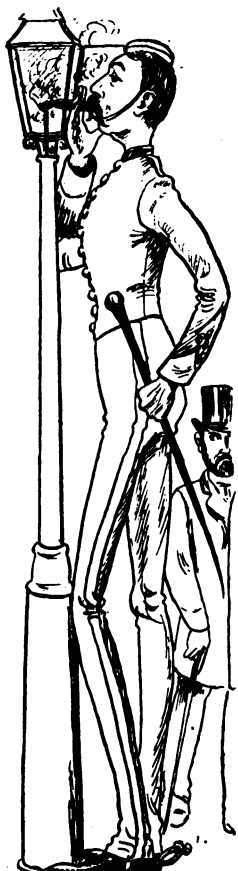

EXCELSIOR.

CIVILIAN: 'Well, without doubt, *that* fellow's "up in the world."'

A VERY painful case has occurred in America of an inveterate smoker living to an unreasonably old age, and then dying, apparently, because he gave up the use of tobacco. His name was Aaron Goldstein, and he died at Paterson, in the United States, on the 29th of August, in his 108th year, the record of his birth being, it is stated, well authenticated. Goldstein went to America about twenty-five years ago, and has since led a retired life at Paterson. He was born in West Prussia; he was married three times, and leaves behind him six living children—if, indeed, they can be called children—the eldest, a daughter, who lives at New York, being 70 years old, and the youngest 'child,' also a daughter, being 38 years of age. He had several other children, who died. He leaves also 33 grand-children and 31 great-grand-children living. Goldstein fought with Napoleon I. in the Russian campaign and at Waterloo, where he received a

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wound in the leg, which troubled him until his death. He was in full possession of his faculties to the last. He smoked tobacco almost incessantly, and was a moderate user of stimulants. About two months before he died he was unfortunately persuaded to discontinue smoking, on the ground that it would injure his health. From the day on which he relinquished his pipe his strength failed him. He never rallied, and gradually sank, owing, the doctors believe, to the sudden stoppage of his tobacco.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A MEDICAL journal says the 'immoderate use of tobacco exerts a peculiar influence upon the sphymograph.' Young man, take advice in time; don't have a sphymograph on any account! Besides, under the present police regulations you don't know how soon you may have to pay a license for your sphymographs and find muzzles for them in addition.

EXPLAINED.

'HAVE a cigar, old chap?' asked Brown,
And Smith replied he would.
'I gave a shilling for the two,
And think they're pretty good.'

Smith put the weed between his lips,
And quickly took it out:
'Brown, you've been sold!' he cried aloud,
'They're British, there's no doubt.'

'Mine *is* a good one,' answered Brown,
'And I think I know the cause—
I think *I* took the ninepenny one,
And the "threepenny" must be *yours*!'

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GREEN.

CUSTOMER: 'Bundle of Vevey fins, please.'

FACETIOUS SHOPMAN: 'Yes, sir, here they are; one-and-nine, please.'

CUSTOMER: 'Are they new? I like them *fresh.*'

F. S.: 'Oh yes, sir! *resh laid this morning!*'

(And the fool of a fellow went away quite satisfied!)

A YOUNG lady wishing to write some poetry on tobacco thought it would be a good idea to go to a tobacco factory and learn all she could upon the subject. She did so, and one of the proprietors, a pleasant young gentleman, answered her numerous questions and showed her all over the place. After inspecting the machinery and putting several leaves of Virginia in her satchel for future reference, she and her guide approached the head of the basement staircase.

'Down here, miss,' said the principal, 'is the stripping-room, where———'

'The *what?*' she asked.

'The stripping-room. We employ all girls in this depart——'

'You horrid brute!' uttered the would-be poetess, as she fled from the building—before any explanation could be tendered.

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SPILL-ED.

FIRST COSTERMONGER: 'Give us a spill, mate, will yer?'

SECOND COSTERMONGER: 'There y'are.'

DRIVEN TO SMOKING.

JACK: 'What! Are you smoking cigarettes?'

HARRY: 'Yes, dash it all! Cora refused my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care now what becomes of me.'

BROWN SWORE OFF.

SAID Brown: 'The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two I was all right.' 'Ah, how's that?' 'I commenced chewing again.'—*Texas Shiftings.*

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RULES FOR TWO.

A DILAPIDATED-LOOKING gentleman boarded a Broadway car at Chambers Street the other afternoon, and stood on the rear platform with a much-worn and evidently abused cigar-stump between his lips. The dapper-looking little conductor glanced somewhat contemptuously at the dilapidated-looking gentleman's frayed olive-green coat, his trousers, which had seen the light of better days, and the huge imitation ruby, which, if real, might have scintillated in Victoria's crown. The conductor said nothing until the dilapidated gentleman took a vigorous puff from the cigar-stump, and opening his mouth, blew forth a volley of smoke, the stale fumes of which penetrated into the car and caused a meek little lady to cough and look indignant.

'No smoking,' said the conductor gruffly. 'No smoking, I say.'

The dilapidated-looking gentleman gazed with imbecile wrath at the conductor. But he pulled the cigar-stump from his lips, held it between his weather-beaten, wart-covered fingers, and sat on the rail of the car smiling at his thoughts. Onward went the car. It picked up two passengers only on its journey to Bleecker Street, and at that point accelerated its pace. The dilapidated gentleman musingly put the cigar-stump between his lips and allowed it to remain there. It was there for five minutes.

'No smoking, I said,' angrily remarked the conductor at last.

'Who's smoking?' asked the dilapidated man.

'You are.'

'I'm not.' The dilapidated gentleman took the stump from his lips and showed it to the conductor. It was unlighted.

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'I don't care,' quoth the conductor savagely. 'Don't look as though you were smoking. Throw it away.'

The dilapidated gentleman complied with this request. He jerked the cigar stump into the middle of the street, and cast one last, long, lingering look after it. By this time every passenger save one had left the car. The conductor was warm. He wiped his brow. Then he leaned back upon the railing, pulled a crumpled newspaper from his pocket and surreptitiously read it.

'Don't read,' said the dilapidated gentleman viciously. 'It's against the rules. You can't attend to your duty when you are reading. Put that paper away.'

If a look could have withered the dilapidated gentleman, he had been instantly thus affected. The conductor grew crimson with indignation and said ne'er a word. There was still only one passenger in the car. The vehicle jolted onward until it reached Thirty-third Street. Not a word was uttered by anyone. The silence became so monotonous that the dilapidated gentleman looked about him for amusement. Presently the conductor again pulled the newspaper from his pocket and held it before his face evidently to keep a scorching ray of sunlight from burning his flesh.

'Conductor,' said the dilapidated gentleman, 'I said no reading.'

'I'm not reading,' retorted the couductor, with a menacing look.

'You are.'

'I'm not!'—furiously. The conductor pointed to the paper, which was turned upside down.

'I don't care,' said the dilapidated gentleman wrathfully. 'Don't look as though you were reading. Give it to me.'

The dilapidated gentleman leaned forward, tore the

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sheet from the conductor's hand, and before the injured being could recover from his surprise was a quarter of a mile down Thirty-seventh Street.

TEACHING THE 'OLD IDEA' HOW TO SMOKE.

SCENE: FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.

LITTLE MATCHBOY to Gentleman (*anti-smoker*): 'Box o' lights, sir?'

GENTLEMAN: 'No.'

BOY: 'Buy a box, sir?'

GENT. (*very irritated*): 'No, no; don't smoke, I tell you.'

BOY: 'Take a box, and I'll teach yer, sir!'

Speaking of duty, etc., is not the duty of a man who measures you for a collar *a neck-size* duty? (Please read this twice.)

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THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

VENERABLE OLD GENTLEMAN (*full of fun*): 'Can I trouble you for a light, mister?'

JUVENILE: 'Here you go, old chap, but be sure you give me back the right one. No "swapping," you know!'

SUNDAY CLOSING.

JONES: 'I am shocked, Mr. Smith, to find that you keep your cigar-store open on Sunday.' Smith: 'You make a mistake, sir. I am a strict church member, and never go near the store on Sunday.' Jones: 'But it is open.' Smith: 'Possibly it is. You see, my partner is a Hebrew, and he worships on Saturday, the Hebrew Sabbath, and never goes near the store on that day. He naturally considers Sunday the beginning of the secular week. There is no moral objection to that, is there?' Jones: 'Probably not; but the store is open on Saturday, too.' Smith: 'Of course; I attend to things then.'

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A TOBACCONIST'S SHOP.

We reproduce from *Tobacco* of New York an inside view of one of the famous tobacco shops of the time of James I., with its signs, pictures, and smokers. It was about this time that tobacco acquired the name of the 'divine weed,' and we find one writer speaking of the land of its growth as 'the country which God hath honoured and blessed with this happy and holy herbe.'

WOMEN AS SMOKING PASSENGERS.

In September, 1887, the Board of Trade sent a letter to the railway companies of the United Kingdom asking what arrangements were in force for providing exclusive accommodation for women travelling alone, and whether the directors would be able to make provision to conduce to the safety of such women, and to prevent the recurrence of outrages, an example of which had happened in the month previous. The general tenor of the replies received is that there is little or no demand for carriages for women only, and that when provision is made for them, women do not often use it. Thus the Great Western Company point out that fewer than a quarter of the seats so provided were used in a given period; on the other hand, 5,141 *women travelled in smoking compartments during the same time.*

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THE *Globe* suggests a tobacco lady-killer which might be advertised in this fashion :—

BUY the 'GENTLEMAN'S JOY.'

SMOKE the 'GENTLEMAN'S JOY.'

'GENTLEMAN'S JOY' is the only Tobacco for Train use.

INVALUABLE TO COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN.

'GENTLEMAN'S JOY' will make the stoutest female leave at the next Station.

THE G. J. is Pungent and Penetrating. It is not deleterious to health, in spite of its exasperating smell.

THE G. J. is adapted for any Pipe, but is more effective in a blackened 'cutty.'

'TRAVELLER' writes :—'Its effect is marvellous. I have never met but one lady who could stand it ; and she was evidently afflicted with a severe cold.'

'MISOGYNIST' says :—'Send me a ton of your excellent "G. J." All down my line Ladies' Compartments are now fully occupied.'

PROFESSOR STINKS, F.C.S., has made the following report :—'I have analysed the submitted sample of "GENTLEMAN'S JOY." This Tobacco is quite the strongest in the market ; it is rich in sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and its constant use in a closed apartment must be fatal to females. In fragrance it is superior to dust-carts, the lower Thames, the Underground Railway, and the City of Cologne.

THE Massachusetts pastor dismissed for smoking tobacco may be said to have gone out under a cloud.

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72 MR. O'CALLAGHAN (*solus*): 'Arrah bedad, an' it's foine toimes Oi'm afther havin' now the ould 'oman is dead, bad luck to her! Shure an' Oi shmokes cigars an' dhress up in illigant stoyle, I do —till the payple are afther takin' me for the Lorrud Liftinent. Say, Mickey, did yez see me whishkors an' cigar houlder?'

WOULD GIVE $5 FOR A GOOD SMOKE.

HERE is an anecdote the late Judge Lochrane used to tell on himself: 'I was journeying,' he said, 'between Augusta and Atlanta with Judge ——. As I smoked one cigar after another I handed the mate, almost automatically, to my travelling companion, who put the weeds I gave him into the upper pocket of his vest. When we reached Stone Mountain I felt in my own pocket for a cigar, but

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none could be found. The desire to smoke growing by the prohibition from exhaustion of the supply provoked me to exclaim emphatically: "I would give $5 for a cigar this very minute." Judge —— pulled out the half-dozen I had given him from time to time and said: "Lochrane, you can take your pick of these at the sum named."' We never could get the Judge to tell us whether he put up the fund or not for the desired cigars. A short time before his death, Judge Lochrane, for a noble purpose, abandoned the use of all liquid stimulants, but clung to his tobacco habit. He liked the best of tobacco, but we never heard of his paying for cigars at the rate of $5 apiece.

HE WANTED A CHEW TOO.

A FEW years ago at a regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting on one of the churches of Bismark, Dak., the pastor, Rev. Fairchild, came into the chapel and found about a dozen ladies present. He looked around a moment and said:

Sister Wetherill, can you tell me the cause of this remarkable absence of the gentlemen who have been in the habit of attending our regular meetings?'

'Why, hadn't you heard about it?' replied the lady addressed. 'The Spotted-Front grocery advertises to give samples of a new brand of chewing tobacco this evening, and the gentlemen have gone there.'

'Ha!' said the worthy pastor, as he removed his spectacles and buttoned his coat, 'I hadn't noticed the announcement. Just excuse me a moment, ladies, please; I must step down to the Spotted-Front myself. I haven't had a good chew of eating tobacco since I left Fargo!' And he shot out at the side door.

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WHERE IS THE HOG.

Two Congressmen, the one from Texas, the other from Massachusetts--fell to discussing at the club the other day the well-worn subject of the tobacco habit. The Texas man, like many of his Southern colleagues, is an inveterate chewer. His friend from Massachusetts is, on the other hand, outspoken and fond of using very strong language, whenever the subject of chewing tobacco is broached.

'Brother ——,' said he, 'is it possible that you chew tobacco?'

'I must confess I do,' the other quickly replied.

'Then I would quit it, sir,' sententiously continued the Massachusetts man. 'It is an ungentlemanly practice—an uncleanly one. Tobacco? Why even a hog wouldn't chew it.'

'Now, brother from the land of baked beans, cod, and culture,' resumed the Texan in his drawling manner, 'do you chew tobacco?'

'No, sir,' emphatically declared the other, almost with indignation. 'No, sir, I do not.'

'Then, pray,' asked the Texan, as he lazily changed the quid from his right jaw to his left, 'which is most like the hog, you or I.'

It is needless to add that the Massachusetts man, after that sally, stood treat for the crowd.

WORKING UP THE BUSINESS.

FIRST PEDDLER: 'What are you carrying?'

SECOND PEDDLER: 'Cigars.'

F. P.: 'Well, all right; you go ahead and work up the business, and I will follow.'

S. P.: 'What are you selling?

F. P.: 'Grave-stones.'

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ROUGH ON NOSEUP.

MRS. Noseup had always contended that her husband's tobacco habit was a vile and injurious one.

'There,' said Mr. Noseup, turning from his scientific journal, 'it says here that there are no microbes to be found in tobacco.'

'That's where the microbe shows his good sense, Mr. Noseup.'

WHY HE QUIT CIGARETTE-SMOKING.

'I'M going to quit smoking cigarettes,' said a young man, who has led more than one german. 'It isn't because it's a vile habit that is going to carry me down to an early grave, or anything of that sort. One placed me, or rather a young lady, in a very embarrassing position. There is a certain charming young lady on St. Anthony Hill whom I should like very much to make my wife, and I know she feels as I do. But I am not able to support a wife, so I have never said a word to the young lady's parents. Well, the other evening she and I took a stroll. It was about half-past nine when we returned to the house, so I did not go in. We stood chatting a few moments, and I lighted a cigarette. When she went into the house, I, of course, kissed her good-night. Well, without giving it a thought, she went in, bade her mother good-night, and kissed her also. The old lady immediately detected the odour of the cigarette on her daughter's lips, and questioned her about it. The poor girl had either to acknowledge that I kissed her, or that she smoked a cigarette. When the young lady told me about it, I had not the courage to ask her what course she chose. Now you know why cigarettes and I will be strangers in the future.'—*Toledo Blade.*

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A POWERFUL SNUFF.

A VISITOR while crossing Carlisle Bridge, Dublin, on an outside car, was literally 'struck' with the stench of the Liffey. 'This is an horrible smell, carman; is it always like this?' 'Oh! begor it isn't, sorr, I'm sorry to say! Why, sorr, it's as sweet as a nut compared with what it is sometimes. Bedad, sorr, you might hang yer hat on the smell iv'ry day in July—it's so strong then! aye, it makes the horses sneeze like a dose of Lundyfut's snuff. But we're use to it, sorr.'

A BAD MEMORY FOR TOBACCO.

'I SEE it stated,' remarked the horse editor, 'that the use of tobacco tends to destroy the memory.' 'I think it does,' replied the snake editor, and he looked very hard at his colleague as he said it. 'I have noticed that the man who uses the most forgets to purchase it when he is on the street.'—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

GRATIFYING.

'GOT any more those cigars like you sold me yesterday?' asked a perspiring citizen of a Hanover Street vendor of the weed.

'You mean dose fine imporded goods, five for a quvarter,' said the dealer, with a gratified smile. 'Louis, make me down from der shelluf a box of dose imporded cellardoros.'

The smoker grimly answered the smile, and then said:

'Jest put one 'n my hat, will yer? I read 'n ther paper that a cabbage-leaf in the hat 'll prevent sunstroke.'

And he got outside just in time to be missed by an empty cigar-box.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

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BIZARRE—*AT THE BAZAAR.*

PUNSTER (*jestingly, after purchasing a cigar*): 'Now I Hav(e) Anna.

FAIR STALLKEEPER (*roguishly*): 'Then hadn't we better strike the *match*?'

'Not yet, my "May Blossom;" wait till we have had a walk down the "Myrtle Grove" and a "Bird's Eye" View of the "Three Castles" during the "Four Seasons."'

A JUDGE OF CIGARS.

'I'LL smoke that, and then tell you how I like it.'

'Well, I'll not put the brand on the market on the strength of that test,' returned one of the largest importers of cigars in New York to a friend whom he had asked to give his opinion of a new brand of cigars he thought of introducing to the public.

'All right. Just give me a box of them, and I'll be able to make a better test of their worth.'

'That would be no better than the first plan you suggested.'

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'Perhaps, then,' replied the friend, slightly offended, 'you don't consider me a capable judge of tobacco.'

'Nothing of the sort. You certainly have had enough experience to tell a good cigar when you smoke it; but while that test may be sufficient for you to judge whether the cigar suits your individual taste or not, it is not thorough enough for my purposes.'

'How should a cigar be judged, then, if not by smoking it?'

'There are several ways. First, by its appearance. You can tell by looking at it whether it is well made or not. Then its colour has much to do with its value. But the way to test its flavour is by tasting and smelling it.'

'How can you taste a cigar without smoking it? You wouldn't chew it, would you?

'By no means. To taste a cigar you take the large end of it in your mouth, and press your tongue against the ends of the leaves. Then draw your breath through it three or four times. That way you get the entire flavour. I have bought tobacco for thirty years, and I use my judgment almost solely in my purchases. During that time I have never smoked a single cigar, cigarette, or pipe, and I never chewed in all my life. Smoking vitiates the delicate taste of a judge of tobacco. Yes, indeed, there are many things in our business that the public doesn't know, and that is one of them.'

WHAT funny people smokers are, to be sure! I have noticed that a man will burn his fingers nearly down to the bone in lighting his cigar with a piece of paper, and never utter a murmur while doing so; but should his wife ask him to lift the kettle off the fire and he find the handle pretty sultry, he'll get wild enough to wreck the whole house.

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THE BISHOP THRASHED THE SMOKER.

A GREAT many stories have been told of Bishop Tuttle, now of Missouri, of his peculiar, yet manly ways, in his dealings with the people of the Far West. On one occasion he had taken the stage for Montana. There were four passengers: one lady, the Bishop, and a man whom we will call Mr. Smith, on the inside, and a commercial tourist on top with the driver. They had been, perhaps, a half-day on their journey, when Mr. Smith reached down into his pocket, and brought forth a pipe, and commenced smoking. The smoke was very offensive to the lady, and it made her quite sick; still Mr. Smith kept on smoking. Finally the Bishop could stand it no longer, and said:

'My friend, can't you see that smoking is making the lady sick? Now, I will wait till after we leave this stage station, and if you continue to smoke I shall be obliged to take the pipe from you.'

Mr. Smith remarked that he would do as he pleased about smoking in the stage. After they left the station, he relit his pipe, and settled down to have a good smoke. The Bishop waited until they were something over a mile from the station, and he took the pipe away from Mr. Smith very quickly, who was very indignant, and jumped out of the stage, called to the driver to halt, and invited the Bishop, of whose identity he was ignorant, out to settle the matter. The Bishop came forth, and in about two minutes gave Mr. Smith such a mauling, that he was obliged to call for quarter, and they re-entered the stage, and proceeded on their journey; but Mr. Smith did not smoke any more inside the coach that trip. All except the driver were ignorant of the Bishop's identity, and it has been a long time getting into print.—*Anaconda Review.*

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'FIRE! FIRE!!! FIRE!!!—Some horrid man has thrown down a lighted match, and I've caught it with my train!'

GETTING HIMSELF FIT.

'MY little boy,' said a gentleman, 'you ought not to smoke cigars, they are not good for little boys.' 'They ain't, eh?' the boy replied, as he puffed away at the two-for-—— 'Guess you don't know much about them, mister: two of these cigars will keep me out of school for a week.'

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

JONAS SMILES has an old uncle who is a confirmed hater of tobacco, and Jonas is a confirmed smoker. As Jonas has nothing to expect from the old man, he can afford to be candid with him. One day the old fellow met Jonas along the way smoking as hard as he was able.

'Jonas,' said the uncle, without a moment's hesitation, 'did you ever know of anyone being benefited by tobacco?'

'Ay,' replied Jonas calmly.

'Who?' asked his uncle, preparing for an argument.

'The tobacconist,' was Jonas's answer, as he moved on.

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THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

USEFUL to hold your pipe while you are feeling for your handkerchief with one hand, and you are bound to raise your hat to a lady who is passing.

HIS FAVOURITE BRAND.

THE rector had been preaching on 'The Brand of Cain,' and at the close pointed impressively at a drowsy sailor in the gallery and howled:

'What are your brands, my friend?'

'Nigger-heel f' chewin' an' cut plug fer smokin',' was the willing and polite reply.

THE TURN OF THE SCALE.

THRIFT is a highly commendable quality, and one which, as a rule, is rated at its true value by Scotchmen. The advice contained in the lines of Burns:

'To win Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour,'

commends itself to the great majority of his countrymen. There are some people, though, who prefer to make a triplet of the lines, and accordingly leave out the fourth one. With them the good Scotch virtue of thrift speedily

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degenerates into the despicable vice of meanness. A Dumbarton tobacconist got even with one of the latter class of people the other day. This individual had been in the habit of dropping into the shop occasionally for two ounces of tobacco, and always got it weighed out in half-ounces. The tobacconist happened to mention the fact to a friend, who informed him that his customer had a reputation for meanness, but couldn't conceive what he wanted with the tobacco in half-ounces. The tobacconist drew his own conclusions, and, rightly conjecturing that his customer put him to the extra trouble for the sake of securing the benefit of 'the turn of the scale,' he on the next occasion weighed the two ounces of tobacco, then cut it into four equal parts, and handed it across the counter. The mean man waxed furious to no purpose, and now he gets his tobacco elsewhere.—*Glasgow Evening News.*

CIGARETTES BY THE MILE.

I HAD nearly an hour's chat the other day with the English representive of one of America's largest cigarette and tobacco factories, and he was telling me that his firm had invented a machine that would make a cigarette *a mile long*—if required. This was enough; my imagination vividly depicted a mile of cigarette at once, and I therefore sketched one of our *jeunesse dorée* taking a whiff from a fag-end of one of these wonderful constructions of tobacco and paper. By-the-bye, if ever one-mile-long cigarettes come into vogue, what kind of cigarette-cases should we have to use?—*Correspondent.*

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SPEAKIN' ON HONESTY.

'SPEAKIN' of honesty, sah,' said an old darky in a Third Avenue grocery store, 'I'se an hones' man. Eberybody knows I'se hones',' an' eberybody will tole you so.'

'Yes, Uncle Jake, I guess you are honest enough,' replied the grocer; 'and in these days it's a credit to a man to be honest.'

''Deed 'tis, 'deed 'tis, sah. Dar's mighty few ob 'em in dis worl'. Hones' men is bery skase, dey is.'

Here the grocer turned to throw a scoopful of sand into the sugar-barrel, and Uncle Jake snatched a plug of tobacco from the counter and put it in his pocket.

'The old saying that "honesty is the best policy,"' went on the grocer, mixing the sand and sugar carefully, 'I don't believe in. It is not the proper way to put it. With me honesty is not a matter of policy—it is a matter of honour; and—where is that plug of tobacco that was on the counter a moment ago?' the grocer demanded.

'Yes, sah, as I was sayin',' continued Uncle Jake, ignoring the question, 'dar's berry few hones' men in this worl'. Kase, yer see——'

'That plug of tobacco, Uncle Jake,' interrupted the grocer; 'you've got it in your pocket.'

'Sah?'

'I say you have got that plug of tobacco in your pocket.'

''Deed I hasn't, sah. Is yer sho' da' wuz er plug of terbaker on de countah? P'raps it falled off to the flo'.'

While the grocer was looking on the floor, the old darky adroitly slipped the tobacco behind a soap-box on the counter.

'Did yer find it on the flo', sah?'

'No, I did not, Uncle Jake. You stole that plug of tobacco, and you've got to show up.'

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'I'se a po' old man,' Uncle Jake replied, in a heart-broken tone of voice, 'an' has been po' all my life, but I don' steal, sah. Ef my ole woman wuz to heah dat I had ben obscused of stealin', it wud broke her down to de grave.'

Just then the grocer discovered the tobacco, and apologized with deep contrition.

'I must have shoved it there without knowing it, but I beg pardon, Uncle Jake, for my suspicions; and to make the matter right, just put the tobacco in your pocket, and we'll say no more about it.'

'Yo' opolergies is 'cepted, sah,' said the old darky cordially; 'but I don't know, sah, 'bout puttin' dat er plug in my pocket. 'Pears ter me it's like settin' a preemyum on honesty. But as I tole yer, sah, I'se a po' ole man, an' terbaccer is skase like; so I'll purcept de terbaker an' thank de good Lord dat I'se an hones' man. Good-mawnin', sah.'

MODERN SHOPKEEPING.

(*Scene:* Tobacconist's shop. *Place:* The West End.)

Swell: 'I—ah—want a pipe; a—good one. One of those B.B.B. you have in the window.'

Lady assistant: 'Yes, sir; about what price?'

Swell: 'Oh, a——ah—good one; one with amber dontcherknow.'

Lady: 'About ten shillings?'

Swell: 'Ten shillings! Good heavens, do you mistake me for a working-man? I want one for about a shilling.'

(*Tableau.*

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A SWEET SMOKE.

To enjoy a real sweet smoke get you some good tobacco or a fine cigar, hunt a comfortable chair, go where no one will disturb you, and with a mind wholly at ease prepare to enjoy yourself. There is, however, one consideration that we must enjoin upon you. We are told that in the great art of kissing a pretty girl, the first principle is to go slow. Select a quiet corner on a silken sofa; slip your arm gently around her waist, don't be in a hurry; now draw her head gently to your shoulder, take your time about it; raise her chin gently with your disengaged hand, now don't hurry yourself; allow her to close her eyes, hold on, now, take it easy; let there be a meeting 'such as press the life from out young hearts,' and for heaven's sake do not be in a hurry. So it is with a good smoke, draw your cigar gently but firmly, mildly but continuously. Fill not the room with volumes of smoke, but rather with an abiding aroma of delicious Havana. Let each curl of smoke carry with it some bright vision of past joy or anticipated pleasure. If anyone interrupts you, look at them languidly, and answer their questions in monosyllables, or ask them to listen while you read a long poem. If you have a pocketful of manuscript draw it forth at their approach. Solitude and smoke are as congenial as champagne and sherry in a Roman punch.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

GENTLEMAN (*to cigar dealer*): 'Have you any "Village Beauties" in stock—how are they?'

Dealer: 'First-class, sir; this last lot is an extremely fine one.'

Gentleman (*departing*): 'Thanks. You wrote that they were very poor, but I am pleased to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer. Good-day!'

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A COMPLETE CHANGE OF FRONT.

WALTER (*to widowed sister*): 'Why, Effie, my dear, what ever are you doing?'

EFFIE: 'Oh, I've given up my own weeds and taken to yours!'

WAITING FOR THE WATER.

ON the cable car, yesterday, a man got aboard with a smoking cigar. 'Here, you must put that out,' said the conductor. 'Vell, you get me some water, and I put it out; I can't do it without water.' Everybody tittered, and the fellow held his smoking cigar until it died out for want of a mouth to puff it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

HE WOULD SMOKE IT ON SUNDAY.

A BUFFALO man who recently made a trip to New York tells the following story on himself: He entered the smoking-room of a New York Central sleeper standing in the depôt, and there found a stranger of Celtic extraction indulging in a pull at his pipe. The car reeked with the perfume, and the Buffalo man found that his two-for-

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a-quarter cigar did not stand the slightest chance. It made him mad that such a stench should be permitted, and when the conductor came in he made complaint.

'I have no more right to stop his smoking a pipe than I have to stop your smoking a cigar,' said the ticket-puncher.

'Well, hand him a cigar, then,' said the Buffalo man, and he pulled out one of the same brand he had in his mouth. The conductor approached the man of the pipe, when the following took place:

Conductor: 'The gentleman presents his compliments and asks you to accept a cigar.'

Man with the pipe: 'True for the gentleman; he is a scholar; but as I have my pipe lighted I'll kape the cigar and smoke it of a next Sunday.'

DIDN'T CHEW.

A PREACHER out West, Mr. H., was a good man, but very rough in his ways, and very much given to chewing tobacco. One day he was riding on horseback through the country when there came up a shower. Riding up to a cabin, he hastily hitched his horse and knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered the summons. The preacher asked for shelter. 'I don't take in strangers; I don't know you,' replied the old lady suspiciously. 'But you know what the Bible says,' said the preacher. 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' 'You needn't quote the Bible,' said the old lady quickly; 'no angel would come down from heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth as you have.' The door was shut, and the preacher unhitched his horse and rode away in the rain.

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'A SOFT ANSWER,' ETC.

(*A Fact from Lancashire.*)

Small Boy (*to old-fashioned wholesale tobacconist*) : 'Penn'orth o' twist.'

O. F. W. T. : 'Who is it for?'

S. B. : 'For! Why, me, of course!'

O. F. W. T. (*astonished*) : 'What! Do *you* smoke?'

S. B. : 'Smoke! Well, wot would come o' such chaps as you if it wasn't for the likes o' us? Eh?'

(O. F. W. T. *left astounded.*)

THE SPECIAL BOX.

ONE of our correspondents gives an amusing account this week of the man who buys his cigars from a special box. He does not purchase a whole box, and have it put away, and take out as many as he needs at a time, but he buys as he wants them from a box kept for his own exclusive convenience. Of course, he pays for this privilege, frequently at double the rate charged more democratic customers. It is to be hoped that no other hands are allowed in this exclusive box, and the dealer should be careful not to fall into the practice of the average milk-vendor who supplies the babies with milk from one cow. He carries a little can that is industriously filled from the large can as he sails around from one house to another, and the good mother takes the milk from it in perfect faith that her baby is fed with the milk from one cow every day. The cigar-dealer must be very careful not to supply two 'exclusives' from the same box.—*Tobacco.*

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A FACT.

(SCENE: *A cigar 'palace' in a fifth-rate country town. Enter a brisk business man.*)

B. B. M.: 'Henry Clay'?

Shopman: '——er——no-o-o. My name is Muggs. That gentleman don't live here. (*Suddenly.*) Bill Clay lives in the second house round the corner.'

(*Exit* B. B. M. *roaring with laughter.*)

'I SMELL A MAN.'

THE olfactory senses of women are sharpened by isolation from the society of the opposite sex. A young man, a few days ago, had occasion to go to the Female Seminary on business matters. He stood puffing a cigarette in the hall for a while, waiting for the president. Presently he heard a great commotion upstairs; many feet hurried to and fro, and excited female voices cried:

'I smell a man! I smell a man!'

A moment later a teacher rushed down the stairs in great alarm, and gasped in a relieved sort of way as she recognised him:

'Oh! it's you!'

'What does all this fuss mean?' asked the astonished young man.

'The girls detected the scent of cigarette smoke, and knew a strange man was on the premises. No one here smokes.'

As the young man is employed in a commercial fertilizer house, he breathed easier.

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'UP TO SNUFF.'

MAN is the only animal who snuffs up into his nose pulverized tobacco, and enjoys the titillation it causes. A French sportsman once lost a fine stag by not remembering that other animals do not like snuff. The Duke of Athole had recently as a guest a Frenchman who was desperately anxious to shoot a stag. He shot at many, but with one unvarying result, that when he opened his eyes the animal had disappeared; but one happy day a herd fled past him: he fired, and a monarch of the glen fell.

The count's joy was extreme. He ran forward, seated himself on the prostrate body of the stag, and sympathetically condoled with him on his misfortune to be shot.

'Well, mon ami, so you are dead! Poor fellow,' he cried, and having stroked the defunct, proceeded to take some snuff.

With an air which nature has denied to all but the French nation, the count held a pinch of snuff to the deer's nose.

'Take a pinch, mon ami! take a pinch!' he exclaimed, and in a moment he found himself all in a heap on the ground.

Whether the deer had been stunned, shot through the loins, or in some way temporarily disabled, does not appear, but, revived by the snuff, he sprang to his legs and bolted.

'Stop, traitor; stop!' cried the count; but the stag never heeded, and so, consigning the beast to regions remote, the poor count returned sorrowful and stagless to dinner.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

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A SMOKING-CAR INCIDENT.

A LITTLE man with grey eyes rushed into the smoking-room of a Pullman car on the Chicago and Atlantic road the other day, and, taking a safety match from the safe on the wall, began scratching the percussion end on the woodwork. Two bald-headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched the little fellow's vain effort to strike a light.

'You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the emery paper on the side of the safe,' said one of the inspectors, becoming annoyed at the rasping noise.

The 'greeny' smiled complacently and said he guessed he could. Another match was rubbed across the panels of the room, then across the sole of a big right foot, and finally broken in a diagonal sweep over a pantaloon leg.

'You can't do it, I tell you,' repeated the same spectator, shifting his position.

'Betcher $5 I can,' replied the little man.

'But you will light it in your cigar.'

'No, sir. Do you want to cover that bet?'

'Certainly.'

'And does your friend want another $5 of it?'

'Of course,' said the other spectator, speaking for himself.

Four $5 bills were piled upon one another in quick order, and the little man took a match from the safe, walked up to the door, and rubbed the percussion head along the ground, flinty glass. The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air. After he had gone, the bald-headed men spoke to one another in a strange tongue.

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BARBÀROUS!

'SCENE: *Carlisle—a fact.*

Fastidious Figaro: Excuse me, sir, but do you smoke a pipe?

Testy Commercial: Yes. And why in Hades shouldn't I, if I want to?

F. F.: Because you smoke bad tobacco. You ought to smoke cigars.

T. C.: Hang your confounded impudence! How do *you* know I smoke bad tobacco?

F. F.: Because your breath is taking all the edge off my razor!!! (*Chaos and Ruin to follow.*)

SHE PREFERRED TO SMOKE.

IT was a 'bloomer' car rattling along up Washington Street. It was scarcely half filled, with plenty of room 'forrard.' At Franklin Square a party of half a dozen ladies stood upon the crossing, poking their sunshades at the driver. The car came to a halt, and the urbane conductor smilingly alighted and assisted his passengers to their seats. While he was thus employed another lady approached the waiting car, and, unobserved by him, slipped into one of the rear seats. The car started, and as the smiling conductor returned to his place on the rear platform, he discovered his new passenger.

'Madam,' said the conductor, no longer smiling, 'these rear seats are reserved for smokers. You must go forward.'

'For smokers, is it?'

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The bell rang, and the car came to a full stop.

'Yes, for smokers. You must go forward. Come, the car is waiting.'

'An' is it go forward I must?'

'Yes, that's the rule. Come, hurry.'

Six cars now formed a procession in the rear. Drivers were swearing, conductors hurrying forward to see what was the matter, and passengers were craning their necks out of the windows and speculating as to the meaning of the delay.

'An' these seats are for smokers?'

'Yes, they are. Come, hurry.'

'An' I must move forrard or smoke?'

'Yes, you must.'

'Begorra, thin, an' I'll smoke. Have ye a match?'

And the lady drew from her pocket a black dudeen, which she proceeded to light, and, leaning back in her seat, puffed contentedly away. The conductor pulled the bell with energy, and the procession moved on, but it was fully five minutes before he fully recovered his breath.

THIS is an apple large and round, at the top of the barrel always found.

This is the apple small and mean, always at the bottom seen.

JONES says this is very much how he finds his boxes of cigars.

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PORTRAIT (from life) of a reverend gentleman who sayeth: 'Yea, my beloved brethren, I pray you do not smoke, for smoking is the root of all evil, and leadeth unto perdition. Let us *bray*!'

AN ANTIQUATED OATH.

'Pa, did the Indians consider smoking the pipe a religious ceremony?'

'They did, my son.'

'Thank you. I know where the oath comes from now.'

'What oath?'

'Holy smoke!'

AH, DAVID!

'AH, David,' said a Scottish parish minister to one of his parishioners whom he had met on the road enjoying his evening pipe, 'I'm astonished at a man of your sense clinging sae tenaciously to such a filthy habit as smoking—you who are an elder and looked on as a pillar of the kirk. Do you expect to go to heaven

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when you die, David, with such a vile habit?' 'I'll no seek tae tak' my pipe wi' me when my time comes,' calmly replied the reproved elder. 'But you know, David, that nothing unclean can enter heaven, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker.' 'Ay, ay,' was the reply, 'but I expeck that my last breath 'll be my last smoke, so that baith pipe and breath will be left ahint at the hinder en'.'

ECONOMICAL.

HERE is a joke from the Strand, and it can be sworn to as a fact by the shop assistant.

Economical Edinburgh 'Swell': D'ye no ken, I bought this wee bit pape in Ed'nberry, and the mon said onybody wud exchange it if it burnt. He goronteed it because it wis a B. B. B., an' he jist chairged me half a croon for it. D'ye ken, mon, it's neearly burrnt oot, an' I ha' nae had it mair than sax yeears!

Young shop assistant: Did they say they'd exchange it?

E. E. S. (*vehemently*): 'Deed they did!

Y. S. A.: Oh! perhaps they would in the North, but we do things differently here and save trouble; *we return the money, so here's your two and six, sir.*

E. E. S. (*electrified*): Thank ye. I'm no wantin' onything mair the noo. (*Walks out.*)

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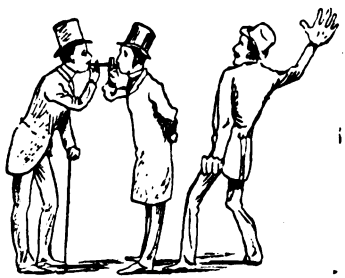
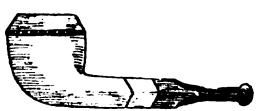


'MAY I take a light from your cigar, please?'
'With pleasure.'

FLOP!!

More flop!

A pair of photographs.



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CHARACTERISTICS OF CIGAR TOBACCOS.

'GERMAN,' like metaphysics, leaves you in a cloud,
Her 'forte' is burning, and great 'fogging' power;
Since the noblesse have never made her proud,
Her virtues best beguile the burgher-hour.

'Java' has 'soupçons' of the taste divine,
To lead you gently on to smoke a score;
But flavours dry as Manzanilla wine,
E'er leave your palate sadly hot and sore.

'Sumatra,' as a picture, takes the eye;
Her 'robes' are all that fashion can require
To clothe the 'forms' that traders most supply,
When large 'production' is their heart's desire.

'Japan' is proud to clothe the 'penny weed'
Which tempts the thrifty youthful clerk to buy;
'Celestial' odours sanctify the deed,
Nor poison, if they do not satisfy.

'Manila' soothes the average smoker's taste—
Some think her reputation cannot last;
Considered like a work of art, she's chaste,
And Antwerp swears that all her 'charms' will last.

'Jamaica,' half-bred, boasts a Cuban sire,
Her mother born of some plebeian race;
The blend is not what critics most desire,
Who think the 'bar sinister' a disgrace.

'Mexican,' from every grosser error free,
Is not so far from reaching your ideal;
Compared with Cuba, she differs in degree—
At times the imitation beats the 'real.'

'Havana,' blest with ev'ry gift of soil,
Is yet the only weed we can enjoy,
When she escapes that fatal 'Guan' oil
Which needy growers will too much employ.

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A PUFF.

This
is a type
of my old
pipe.
I fill
it with
tobacco
then li-
ght the
stuff, now (puff,
puff, puff),
of comfort
there's no la-
ck, O! (puff)
'tis, indeed,
a friend in
need that
(puff) drives
away trouble.
Like (puff) a
wife, it cheers
our life and
(puff) makes
pleasures
double. One
who is sad it
(puff) makes
glad & (puff)
makes life
worth living.
All strife it
heals and
friendship
seals and (puff)
ing. When I'm
pipe I smoke
for (puff) my
pose to splendours
the rings which
hazy, and (puff)
(puff, puff), though old and lazy. No cab-
bage leaf brings me to grief, nor cigar-
ette so nasty. My pipe so sweet
though not so neat, gives (puff) a
joy more vasty. My pipe's my
yoke; its fragrant smoke
in solitude I'm snuffing.
Tho' I decry all else,
yet my dear pipe
I'm ever
puffing.

makes hearts forgiv-
'dead broke' my
nor care a continental,
woes soon (puff) trans-
oriental. I watch ascend
blend with atmosphere so
I dream of bliss supreme

C. H. DODGE, *in Tobacco Leaf.*

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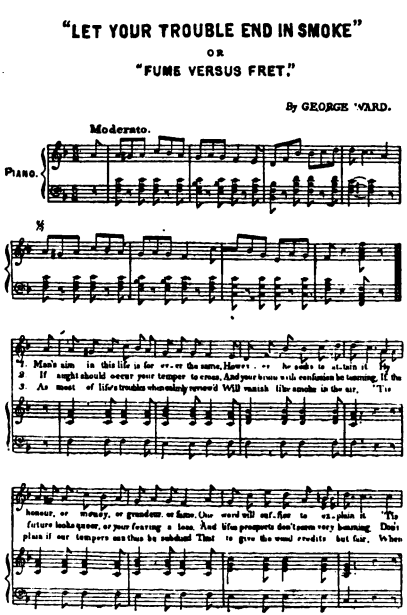
TOBACCO MUSIC.

THE following is a reduced fac-simile of the words and music of a song composed by Mr. GEORGE WARD, tobacconist, 1, Green Lanes, N. :



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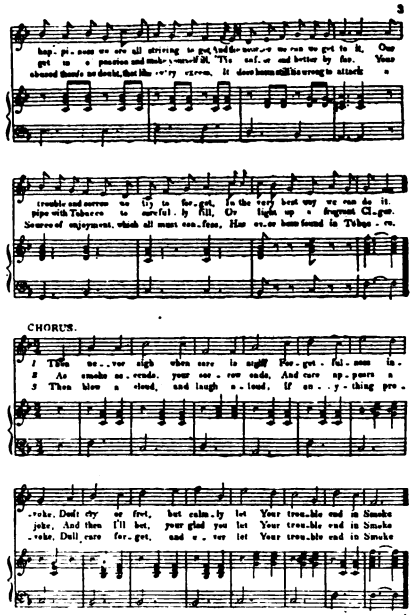

The festive dudine takes a walk,
With old 'Tige' out to back her;
She meets her dudee for a talk,
And he tries hard to 'smack' her.
She tells him she's no 'goose, you bet,'
And draws him up to taw;
Then she lights her cigarette,
While he bites off a chaw.

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TWO OF A KIND.

'KILCOUSE ROONEY is one of the most trifling pupils at the Bryant Agricultural College. Professor Follet happened to be looking at a large Kentucky jack, when Kilcouse Rooney strolled up with a cigar in his mouth.

'"I hope my smoking does not annoy you, professor," said the smoker, without taking off his hat or removing the cigar.

'"Not in the least," replied Professor Follet. "I don't smoke myself, but I have no objection to others smoking; in fact, I rather enjoy it, just as I like to see this other donkey here eat hay, although I never eat hay myself."'—*Texas Siftings.*

OUR EXPERIENCE.

A cigar may leak, a cigar may burst,
Or give forth an odour vile;
A cigar may go out, or the wrapper come off,
And annoy you all the while.

A cigar may stubbornly refuse to draw
Till you think the Devil's to pay;
But Leopold's will do none of these things
Because they ain't built that way.—*Leopold.*

Man (who has just called on Dr. Dio Lewis): Doctor, I am not well.

Doctor: Stop smoking.

Man: I have pains in my boot heels.

Doctor: Stop drinking.

Man: My clothes don't fit me.

Doctor: Stop eating.

Man: Well, what would you advise?

Doctor: Stop everything.

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DE WUST JUSTICE.

'DAR goes de wust Justice of de Peace I eber seed,' said Black Nat, as a coloured magistrate passed along. 'Why?' asked a bystander. 'Is he dishonest?' 'May be honest enuff, but dat ain't de question. Some time ago a buck niggar had me 'rested for stealing of some 'bacca. He stated in de court dat he seed me when I stole de 'bacca. I stated dat he didn't. De justice looked solemn, like all dose men dat han'les law, and 'cided agin me.' 'Well, in what way did the justice do wrong?' 'Why, in taking dat niggar's word. He did see me steal de 'bacca, but my word is jest as good as hisen.'—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE GOVERNOR'S CIGAR.

IT is said that the late Governor Whitcomb, of Indiana, was a little 'near,' which means stingy. He smoked as well as chewed violently, and never wasted an inch of a cigar. One day some ladies entered his office quite unexpectedly, and as he wanted to be very polite he made away with the stump of a cigar he was at work upon by knocking the fire from it and dropping it into his vest pocket, to be drawn forth and finished after the fair visitors had departed. He was extremely affable and entertaining, and the ladies thought him charming. Suddenly he gave a leap from his chair, and uttered a frenzied howl. The cigar stump in his vest pocket had not been idle. The fire he thought extinguished had broken out under cover of the friendly seclusion, and burned its way to his body. There was much jumping up and down, unbuttoning of garments and unseemly wails. The ladies were scared out of their wits, and the Governor enraged beyond endurance.—*U.S. Tobacco Journal.*

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BRITISH TOBACCO CULTIVATION.

1. — FARMER GILES: 'Ah! now I think I *have* got a cure for bad crops at last. I'll plant tobacco, and then—'

2. —STRONG-MINDED WIFE: 'No you won't; I hate the abominable stuff! You ought to know that all my relations are members of the Anti-Narcotic League.'

FARMER: 'Yes, love: but' (*knowingly*) this isn't tobacco seed; it's a new sort of kale I bought in London when I went to the Smithfield Cattle Show.'

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3.—Mrs. Giles boils some of the 'new sort of kale,' and lays the whole family up.

4.—This is how the farm-labourers work (?).

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5.—'Cheap beef for the nation.' The cows eat up the crops—*and die.*

6.—Farmer Giles recovers from his dinner of 'kale,' and goes to see how his labourers are getting on. (*Mem.*: The men are all ill, the haystack burnt, and chaos reigns supreme.)

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7.—The men get better. 'Yes, an' it's all because that 'baccy wasn't properly cured. We ain't going to be "done" by a bit o' 'baccy, *not us;* we'll cure it in the outhouse.'

8.—Only unfortunately the outhouse catches fire—and so do the other farm buildings.

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9.—She: 'I told you, Giles, that I hated that abominable stuff; this is the result of your new-fangled notions.'

A LITTLE MORE PROPHECY ON THE SUBJECT.

1.—First Coster: 'Yus, this 'ere beats a-catchin' o' sparrers on a Sunday mornin', don't it, Bill?'

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2.—Coster (*on Monday, with the results of the previous day's robbery*): 'Here ya-a-a-r! All a-blowin' and a-growin'! Fine 'bacca pla-a-a-nts! On'y a shillin' a pot!'

3.—THE FUTURE SEEDSMAN'S SHOP.

1ST LADY: 'Yes, my dear, Adolphus always smokes

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cigarettes, you know. (*To Shopman:*) A shilling's worth of cigarette seed, please.'

2nd Lady: 'And give me sixpenny worth of the best cigar seeds, please. My husband always smokes mild cigars, so I prefer mild seed, if you don't mind. I suppose they're easily grown, aren't they? something like radishes?'

Bewildered Shopman: 'Yes, ma'am; *something*, but not exactly.'

Old Maid: 'You made a mistake, sir; I asked you for seed for S.P., but this is for Rappee. I am very particular about the snuff I take, so you must change this.'

4.—THE COMING TOBACCONISTS.

SHOPKEEPER: 'I can recommend these, sir; they're made of the genuine 'erb. It's real Wapping.'

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Customer: 'Well, I certainly must admit I prefer Wapping to Bermondsey; it has more Havana flavour about it.'

Shopkeeper: 'But here is something better. They are my new five-a-penny quality—made from tobacco grow'd in my own yard. I grows the mild round the water-butt, but the strong thrives best agin the wall.'

5.—'Slosherville Gardens.' 'The place to spend a happy day.' 'Admission, sixpence, and smoke as much as you like.' 'Clay pipes free.' 'A doctor kept on the premises.' 'Beef-tea, 3d.' 'Gruel, 2d. per bowl.' (*Vide advertisements.*)

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6.—Mrs. Bloggs: 'I'm sure as 'ow as that 'ere 'bacca wot the fust-floor-back smokes is somethink *awful!* It's wuss than my ole man's Battersea shag wot he buys in the Cut at fi' pound for sixpence; and that's bad enuff! Why, I has to grill bloaters to get rid of the smell of it!'

SHE MIGHT SPIT.

A nice-looking old lady, with a snowy circle of lace about her head, sat in a car the other day and drew up her skirts nervously, lest the contact of tobacco-juice that was pouring from the mouth of two loafers next her should deluge them. 'Conductor,' she asked, timidly, when he came in, 'isn't it against the rules to spit on the floor of the car?' 'No, ma'am,' replied the gallant conductor, 'spit wherever you like.'

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WHY HE LEFT.

KOSCIUSKO MURPHY, who is a book-keeper in a grocery store, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue, and asked him for a cigar.

'Ain't got any,' said his friend.

'Ain't got any?' said Kosciusko. 'Why, when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars.'

'Yes, probably that's the reason you ain't in a cigar store now,' was the crushing reply.

Outside the well-known cigar-shop of Mr. Frederick Wright, of Cheltenham, the figure of an old Scotchman has stood for upwards of forty years. In a pamphlet which Mr. Wright publishes the 'Scotchman' holds forth on the various matters that have come under his eye since he has been on duty. He commences thus:

'For forty long years I have stood at this place,
With no change in my clothing, my figure, nor face;
Observed and observing, still, stolid, and stern,
And never by chance speaking out of my turn.

'The first day I came here was quite an event,
My arrival of course to the papers was sent,
And people came round me in wonder, to view—
I was something to look at, because I was new.

'Since then I have seen a great change in the town,
Some folks have gone up and others gone down;
Some have realized fortunes, and some have been broke,
And Death has put some in his meerschaum to smoke.'

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THE CIGARETTE.

I SING the song of the cigarette,
The nineteenth century dudelet's pet;
With its dainty white overcoat,
Prithee, now, make a note,
How your affections entangled get.
The Machiavelian power I sing,
Of the stealthy, insidious, treacherous thing.

What odours unpleasant our nostrils fret!
That subtle aroma we ne'er forget.
But wherefore complain of it?
Spite of the pain of it,
We, too, indulge in our cigarette.
The skeletonizing power I sing,
Of the mind-paralyzing, perfidious thing.

Shades of the past, that linger yet!
Is there no land where laws beset
Those who lay sense aside,
Puffing slow suicide,
Into themselves from a cigarette?
Thither I'd fly, and forever sing
The praise of the land that is free from the thing.

From the various gamins the slums beget
To the gilded youth with the coronet,
All of them play with it,
Seemingly gay with it,
Taking slow death through a cigarette.
The invasive, intrusive, odoriferous thing?
Its power autocratic I sadly sing.

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What sinner without and beyond the pale
Of civilization, began to inhale,
Sealing his own sad fate,
Telling us, oh, too late!
Gibbering lunacy ends the tale.
Husky my voice, I must cease to sing,
I'm puffing, myself, at the poisonous thing.

The Judge.

HER BROTHER'S CIGARETTE.

LIKE raven's wing her locks of jet,
Her soft eyes touched with fond regret,
Doubt and desire her mind beset,
Fondling her brother's cigarette.

Roses, with dewy diamonds set,
Drooped o'er the window's parapet;
With grace she turned a match to get,
And lit her brother's cigarette.

Her puffs of smoky violet
Twined in fantastic silhouette;
She blushed, laughed, coughed a little, yet
She smoked her brother's cigarette.

Her eyes with briny tears were wet,
Her bang grew limp beneath its net,
Her brow was gemmed with beaded sweat,
And to her bed she went, you bet.

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SHE WORKS IN TOBACCO.

SHE's medium size,
And bright are her eyes,
While nothing of grace doth she lack, Oh!
Her temper is sweet,
She's tidy and neat,
But, Oh, my! 'She works in tobacco.'
She's poor, I well know,
But pure as the snow,
And always is true to her Jack, Oh!
And I will not care,
Though daddy may swear,
We'll wed and both work in tobacco.

G. B. L., in Wis. Tob. Reporter.

TWO OTHER HEARTS.

FULL tender beamed the light of love down from his manly face,
As he pressed her to his bosom in a fervent, fond embrace;
No cost of others' happiness found place within his thought;
The weakness of life's brittle thread no dim forebodings brought.
But tenderer than the light of love, more brittle than life's thread.
The shrouds that wrapped two other hearts gave up their withered dead;
For crumbling in his waistcoat, their glowing future dashed,
Two excellent Havanas were very badly smashed.

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WHO SCORNS THE PIPE?

WHO scorns the pipe? Show me the man,
I do not mention 'glasses,'
He's writhing under social ban
The jink his soul compasses—
Old friend Tobacco!

Ye carping souls, who, envious, doom
The weed to dire perdition,
Just take a whiff—dispel the gloom
That clouds your mental vision—
Of rare Tobacco!

THE SMOKERS.

SMOKE, do you? Well, then, sir, you know
How fast and firm these habits grow;
You've often doubtless sworn to quit,
And then forgot it till you'd lit
A fresh cigar, and caught the smell
Of that which pleases you so well.

You've doubtless looked into your purse
And counted cost with many a curse,
And read of dread diseases caught
By smoking oftener than you ought;
And vowed at least that you'd curtail
The cost and danger, but to fail.

You buy two where 'twas six before—
But go more often to the store;
You storm and reason with yourself,
And put your box back on the shelf,
But, in whatever place you are,
Your thoughts are with your shelved cigar.

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How weak this proves strong men to be!
Free, yet in hopeless slavery!
The thought is madness to the mind;
We'll burst these galling chains that bind!
But ere, my friend, we go too far,
I'll thank you for a fresh cigar.

Columbus Dispatch.

FROM THE MIKADO.

THE travellers who try in the spring,
Tra la!
To sell their cigars by the case,
Must find it a difficult thing,
Tra la!
When the shopkeeper won't buy a thing,
Tra la!
And kicks them right out of the place,
And he kicks them all out of his place.
And that's what they mean when they say or they sing:
'Oh, bother the trade we are having this spring,'
Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la la lah!

A dealer alone in his big cigar store,
Sang, 'Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!'
I said to him, 'Why are you pacing the floor
Singing "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow"?'
'Alas!' he replied, as he smothered his cries,
'I thought it was all nonsense to advertise,
And now I've no custom at all—but the flies!
Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!'

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A DRUMMER'S WISH.

I WISH I had a line of cigars
That no one ever had,
And every dealer wanted,
And wanted awful bad.

I'd send the trade a little card
And tell them 'I'm in town,
And if they wanted any cigars
They'd better come right down.

I'd treat them as they treat me now;
I'd make 'em feel quite 'dizzy:'
And when they came around to call
I'd say, 'I'm very busy.'

'I guess you'd better come again,'
I'd say to some I know—
'If you don't want these cigars of mine
You take your traps and go.'

SWEETS (ONLY) TO THE SWEET.

SOME lady who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than for that imported from Havana, comes down, after the following story, upon the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips,
His proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps his chimney burning!

May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker!

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HIS FIRST CIGAR.

A SMALL boy puffed at a big cigar,
His eyes bulged out and his cheeks sank in :
He gulped rank fumes with his lips ajar,
While muscles shook in his youthful chin.
His gills were green, but he smole a smile ;
He sat high up on the farmyard stile,
And cocked his hat o'er his glassy eye,
Then wunk a wink at a cow near by.

The earth swam round, but the stile stood still,
The trees rose up and the kid crawled down
He groaned aloud for he felt so ill,
And knew that cigar had 'done him brown.'
His head was light, and his feet like lead,
His cheeks grew white as a linen spread,
While he weakly gasped, as he gazed afar,
'If I live, this here's my last cigar.'

HIS FATHER'S SON.

I AM a seasoned smoker and I love
Tobacco dearly.
My boy is ten ; the rosy scamp has learned
To love it early.

Like ev'ry parent I desire to rear
My children rightly :
I can't watch over them by day, but I
Am with them nightly.

The girl is in her mother's care ; the boy's
In my charge solely ;
His bringing-up, I often boast, should be
His father's wholly.

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His mother, in her quiet way, would oft
Reprove me gently,
Saying I was a greater child than he,
And laugh silently.

I smoke at home ; but sometimes when the boy's
List'ning intently
I feel my duty is to scold the weed
Quite violently.

One night, with him upon my knee, I was
Discoursing proudly,
And let him take my pipe, expecting he'd
Refuse it loudly.

The youngster placed it 'tween his lips and smoked,
Oh ! quite facilely.
The way he seemed to relish it made me
Feel quite—ah ! silly.

And when, alarmed at his precocity,
I questioned closely ;
He said, 'I've smoked for years!' He meant it, though
He spoke jocosely.

DER DRUMMER.

I.

WHO gits him up at broke of day?
Who on hees little drum does blay?
Und blays der sojers to der fray?
Der Drummer.
Who wakes him up at nine o'clock?
Ven he hears the porter's fourteenth knock
Upon der door as mit a rock?
Der Gommercial Drummer.

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II.

Who stays all day the bottle near?
Who never knows or dinks of fear?
Who lifts the voonded mit a beir?
Der Drummer.
Who goes him in mit efry door?
Who comes quick oud mit efry door?
Who is't they call 'suchahelof a bore?'
Der Merchand Draveller.

III.

Who sets him by der gamp around?
Who lays him down upon der ground?
Who sleeps him dere all night so sound?
Der Drummer.
Who sets him by der hotel fire?
Who sdicks his feet up higher and higher?
Who is't they call 'suchahelof a liar?'
Der Drummer.

The Earth.

THE WAYS OF NATIONS.

THE cowboy on his lonely ranch
Smokes what he can lay hands on.
The lover puffs a dainty weed
The while he writes a chanson.

The German sucks his porcelain,
With painted bowl, or bare, sir;
The Frenchman twirls his cigarette
And bellows 'Vive la guerre!' sir.

Irishmen have praised in song
The short but mighty dudeen;
The well-known English cutty-pipe
Looks as if dippèd mud in.

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The lazy Turk sets great store by
His sinuous hubble-bubble,
While Russian statesman plan for him
Much toil and double trouble;

Those same Slavonic diplomats
Love cigarettes and pipes, sirs,
And all their Cossack soldiery
For any smoke are ripe, sirs.

The swarthy Spaniard loves a smoke
Just after his siesta—
If then you stole his cigarro
You'd find 'twould be no jest, ah!

Italians in their frugal way
Smoke anything that's cheap, sir;
However good their taste may be
Their pockets aren't deep, sir.

The Cuban on his blessed isle
The best Havanas uses;
He goes to any 'vega' round
And takes just what he chooses.

The monk and priest they dare not smoke
And so they snuff and snuff, sir,
And, though they get their chins begrimed,
They rarely have enough, sir.

The Chinamen smoke opium—
They say it gives them rapture;
The police ought to make a raid
And all the vile drug capture.

Americans smoke anything
That in the smoker's line is—
My own choice is a briar pipe,
Which brings me to my Finis.

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TO AN OLD PIPE.

ONCE your smoothly-polished face
Nestled lightly in a case;
'Twas a jolly, cosy place,
I surmise;
And a zealous subject blew
On your cheeks, until they grew
To the fascinating hue
Of her eyes.

Near a rusty-hilted sword,
Now upon my mantle-board,
Where my curios are stored,
You recline.
You were pleasant company when
By the scribbling of her pen
I was sent the ways of men
To repine.

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Tell me truly (you were there
When she ceased that debonair
Correspondence and affair)—
I suppose
That she laughed and smiled all day;
Or did gentle teardrops stray
Down her charming, *retrousée*,
Little nose?

Where the sunbeams, coyly chill,
Fall upon the mantel-sill,
You perpetually will
Silence woo;
And I fear that she herself
By the little chubby elf,
Will be laid upon the shelf,
Just as you.

De Witt Sterry.

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A PLEA FOR THE OLD MEN THAT SMOKE.

I.

THERE, daughter, stop scolding! Don't worry and fret,
And work yourself into such ire!
Just about all the comfort your father can get
Is a smoke by the warm kitchen fire;
Let him smoke in the corner in peace, if he can,
Though the clouds of tobacco may choke;
There is no one can tell, but a lonely old man,
How much comfort there is in a smoke.

II.

Like a free bird that flieth from limb unto limb,
Your routine of joys you go through;
And some of them look just as foolish to him
As smoking looks foolish to you;
We're none of us perfect,—all this you believe—
Our lives should with charity shine,
Like the golden threads that the weavers weave
In and out of the dark design.

III.

Should you live to be old—though you may never smoke—
Yet I'll wager a penny, or two,
You will have some strong habit to tease other folk,
Bad as this that is worrying you;
Let him smoke in the corner in peace, if he can,
Though the clouds of tobacco may choke;
There is no one can tell, but a lonely old man,
How much comfort there is in a smoke.

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IV.

Do I smoke? No, not I! Nor will I advise
  Any youth the habit to get;
But when one is old, and can't stop if he tries,
  Is it wisdom to worry and fret?
Let him smoke in the corner in peace, if he can,
  Though the clouds of tobacco may choke;
There is no one can tell, but a lonely old man,
  How much comfort there is in a smoke.

V.

Not long will tobacco smoke daily annoy,
  Soon the pipe on the mantel will lay,
And father will rest where the worms shall destroy
  The tenantless body of clay.
Let him smoke in the corner in peace, if he can,
  Soon he'll fall before Death's sturdy stroke;
Then you'll miss the clay pipe and the feeble old man,
  And wish you'd put up with the smoke.

John H. Yates in 'Rochester Express.'

THEY TAKE IT LARGE.

PROBABLY nowhere is the 'fragrant weed' so universally indulged as in the Philippine Islands. In the island of Luzon, children begin to smoke as soon as they begin to walk, and the women are even fonder of the habit than the men; and, not content with the cigars of ordinary size, those of the better class have them a foot long and proportionately thick, and they look very comical as they take their evening promenade, smoking these huge brands of tobacco.

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Cave-in-dish.

Irish Roll.

American Plug.

Honey-due.

Rifle Cake.

Mixture.

Rough Cut.

Target.

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Returns.

Shag(gy).

Birds-High.

Nail Rod.

FINIS

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